

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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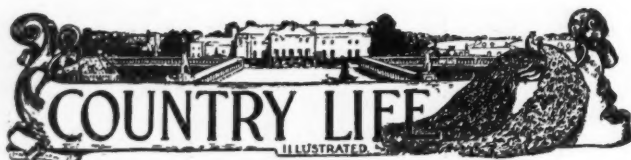
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Photo. MISS ALICE HUGHES.

LADY GREY-EGERTON AND HER SONS.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

## THE . . . . TRAVELLER'S STAFF.

WE live in an age of guide-books, and this is the particular season of the year in which the guide-book chiefly flourishes. In the bookseller's window the red-bound battalions of Baedeker carry all before them. The latest novel the traveller may take to while away his journey. His Baedeker he must take. Whether he go as near home as the Ardennes or as far afield as Jerusalem, he will find the handbook of the famous Leipzig house indispensable. Other guides he may rely upon to tell him of the sights and scenes of his travel. Throughout France, for instance, the "Guides Joanne" are boons and blessings to men from overseas. Plenty of volumes will fill him with knowledge, historical and legendary; will tell him what to admire and what to turn up his nose at; will record the associations of storied castle, the dimensions of modern town hall. But Baedeker does more for the voyager than this. It looks after his bodily well-being. It gives him a weapon against extortionate innkeepers. It tells him where comfort may be secured either at high or at moderate charges. When you have mastered the cryptic significance of italics and asterisks, when you know that "R. L. and A." stand for "Room, lights, and attendance," when you can weigh the relative merits of an hotel pronounced good from experience and another which is merely "well spoken of," you may roam Europe with confidence. You can be sure of getting the best, at any rate, that your stopping-places afford in the way of refreshment for man and beast. And, further, you have an authorised tariff by which to check your bills. Another great service Baedeker does you, even if you do not care about his directions for sight-seeing. He provides you with capital maps of towns, great and small. Have no false shame about making use of them. It is no good trying to look like a native. We have all tried it, and we have all

failed ignominiously. Who has not undergone the experience of swaggering into a shop and asking for some article in what seems to be perfect French, only to be met with "Yes, sare, will monsieur have the goodness to sit down?" Our guide-books will bulge out our pockets, and the cut of our jib will certainly betray us. Stand boldly at street corners then and consult the map. With its timely aid and anything like a native sense of locality you will find your way about easily in a very few hours.

They are quite a recent invention, these handy invaluable volumes. Modern restlessness and the spread of the travelling habit called for something of the kind, and Murray and Baedeker rose to the occasion. A hundred years ago the guide-book, as we know it, was not dreamed of. Off the main posting roads there were no inns. When you went a-travelling you took letters of introduction, and quartered yourself upon your friends' friends, and their friends after them, as Dr. Johnson and Boswell did on their famous Hebrides tour. A vastly comfortable way of touring this, but you wanted leisure for it. You did without a holiday for forty years, perhaps, and then you took a good one, and saw the world. For the most part, however, those who had to work for their living very seldom saw the world at all, unless their business happened to take them abroad. A demand for holidays at regular intervals would have been regarded as the mark of a disordered mind, or at least as proceeding from an idle, worthless fellow. They were easy-going times, very different from ours. Life may not have "run gaily as the sparkling Thames," but men were not yet victims to the "strange disease of modern life." They did not use up their nerves and exhaust their energies in headlong pursuit of gain or pleasure, nor "tire upon a thousand schemes their wit." They lived a more even, a more tranquil life than we do. They were no happier, probably, but they were different. That is all we can say in comparing any two ages.

Guide-books, though, if they cannot trace their direct lineage far back, have had distinguished collateral predecessors. Herodotus wrote not merely to astonish by relating the wonderful things he had not seen, but to assist those who might follow in his footsteps. Horace, in his "Iter ad Brundisium," told travellers who might be stepping southwards where they could get the pleasantest bread and the purest water. Sir John Mandeville, that cheerful liar of pious mind, stated at the beginning of his travels that he set forth the account of them especially for pilgrims "that will and are in purpose to visit the holy city of Jerusalem, and the holy places, that are there about; and I shall tell the way that they shall hold thither." Sir John did not profess, however, to provide a *vade mecum* anything like so exhaustive as the present-day guide-book. "You must not expect that I will tell you all the towns and cities and castles that man shall go by, for then I should make too long a tale; but only some countries and the principal places that men shall go through to go the right way." This would not do for the globe-trotter of to-day, who wants to know about every viaduct the train is to pass over, and every village or château that can be seen from the railway carriage. Such curiosity on the part of the traveller, combined with his urgent demand for information about creature comforts, makes the compilation of guide-books a laborious task. And how is the testing of hotels managed? Does one expert stay at each hotel in turn, or is a party sent out, as Thackeray imagined in an amusing "Round-about Paper"? He saw in his mind's eye one commissioner putting up at all the best inns and enjoying himself. Another had to be content with the second-rate inns; but his lot was fortunate compared with that of the third member of the party, to whom fell all the inferior places of entertainment, and who suffered for the benefit of his fellow-men, that he might tell them what houses to avoid on pain of like discomfort. This idea of commissioners who "stop at every inn in the world" is delightful, but illusory. Exactly how Herr Baedeker gathers the information that is so useful to us we do not presume to say, but it is certainly not like that. Thackeray himself wrote some excellent "little travels" that serve as delightful guide-books to the permanent attractions of Ghent and Bruges and other Belgian and Dutch towns. Nor did he forget to recommend hotels and, when necessary, to revile them. There was the one at the Hague, "as comfortable, as handsome, as cheerful as any I ever took mine ease in," and there was that other at Rotterdam, where a florin had to be paid for a pint bottle of ale. "It was too much. I intended not to say anything about it; but I must speak. A florin a bottle, and that bottle a pint! Oh! for shame! for shame! I can't cork down my indignation; I froth up with fury; I am pale with wrath and bitter with scorn."

The worst of guide-books is that they make travelling too easy, they tell us islanders too much. There was a time when to travel was an education, a profitable training for the mind. You had to exercise your wits to find out things for yourself. You rubbed off your national angularities against those of other peoples, and both benefited by the contact. You really became a "man of the world," as opposed to a man of only one country of it. What a pity this good old phrase has been degraded so that it has come to suggest now merely a well-dressed student of



the betting odds, who derides all honesty of purpose, and imagines that he knows men. Nowadays "*les Cooks*," as the foreign waiter calls them, survey mankind from China to Peru, but they do it as the idle visitor regards the animals at the Zoo. They come home with sympathies no wider, with minds no whit enlarged, with the same amount of experience of life, the same heaviness of wit, as when they started. This is inevitable if people will do their travelling in such foolish fashion; if they will go abroad not "for to admire and for to see," but because they think it is the proper thing to do. When one reflects upon the misery many worthy folks endure on the Continent, and upon the happy time they might spend at Margate or Herne Bay, it is difficult to know whether we should ridicule their folly or admire their self-sacrificing spirit. Such martyrs make an utterly bad use of their Baedekers. To be employed with advantage the guide-book should serve not as a crutch but as a staff. Use it as a help to your steps, but never depend entirely upon it.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

WHEN Miss May Carolyn Cuyler, daughter of Major J. Wayne Cuyler, U.S.A., was married to Sir Philip Henry Brian Grey-Egerton, the twelfth Baronet, she entered one of the oldest families in Cheshire, for her husband traces his descent in a direct line from William Le Belward, who was Baron of Malpas under the Norman Earls Palatine of Cheshire. Her twin sons, Philip de Malpas Wayne and Rowland Le Belward, were born in 1895, and her daughter, Cecely Alice Grey, was born in 1893. Sir Philip and Lady Grey-Egerton's country seats are Oulton Park, Tarporley, and Broxton Old Hall, Cheshire; and their town house is 1A, Chesterfield Street, Mayfair.



THE news from China is as good as anything we have a right to expect. Indeed the revulsion of feeling, after the alarmist reports that had been spread far and wide, and the obituary notices of distinguished men who are still alive, is so great, that we are apt to forget the really grievous losses of brave men which have been sustained. But the fact is not to be concealed that the immediate defeat of the Chinese power is by no means the beginning and the end of the whole matter. Frankly we do not see how quarrels are to be avoided in the arrangement of the settlement which must come. Some kind of hope may, however, be based upon the fact that all nations are clearly very much afraid—and with justice—of Armageddon. In fact the "bill" of a really complicated and comprehensive war involving a conflict between European nations is terrible to contemplate.

The execution done by the machine guns during the first, and abortive, attempt to advance on Peking is—paradoxical though it may seem—the best indication of the kind of havoc which will be wrought when civilised troops face one another. It is true that the Boxers—of whom we read that they were mown down like grass by a Maxim at short range—are described as fanatics, and that they were ill-armed. But they had the failing which we suspect will be found common to all European troops, or to nearly all of them—they were totally incapable of making use of cover; and that, one may be reasonably certain, will always be the fault of European armies, which must of necessity be drawn mainly from the population of the towns. Now, when troops cannot take cover, Maxim fire means neither more nor less than sheer destruction. That, we remember, became clear many years ago, when the Princess of Wales first tried a Maxim gun during one of the old Wimbledon Meetings. The gun was, of course, trained for Her Royal Highness by another hand, but she managed the lateral movement for herself; and, when she had done, a target 70ft. long, specially constructed for the purpose, was

perforated from end to end with bullet holes, following one another as regularly as the perforations, upon a sheet of postage stamps. Against that sort of fire, where there is no cover, or where the ability to take advantage of cover does not exist, nothing can be done.

An anecdote, so far as we know not yet published, of "Chinese Gordon," as he was called so long, who is now spoken of as "Khartoum Gordon," may come not amiss in the circumstances of the moment. It was in course of the Taiping rebellion, which Gordon did so much to put down, that he found his own regulars of the Chinese army declining to come out from behind an earthwork to follow him in charging a company of the rebels. Twice he advanced alone, but the men would not follow. Then he leaped back over the parapet, seized the nearest Chinaman by the pigtail, and hauled him over. "Now," he said, "stand behind me, rest your rifle on my shoulder, and fire at them. They cannot hit you without hitting me." The man fired and bolted back. Gordon returned, seized another in the same way, and he, too, fired his shot over the Englishman's shoulder, and bolted back to his cover. By this time he had succeeded in shaming even his shameless Chinese of their cowardice, and the whole company rose and followed him, as he waved his cane, to the charge of the rebels, and routed them utterly. The story is characteristic, and it is true.

No sane person other than a pro-Boer is likely to complain of the proclamation which Lord Roberts has seen fit to make, after what seems to most of us a period of leniency and forbearance prolonged beyond all that was necessary. Amongst a people such as the Boers are—a people which, for the most part, really believes itself to be fighting for freedom and independence—there will always be recidivism among those who surrendered, unless they are convinced by stern example that the reward of recidivism is death. That becomes more certain when they know, as they do, that death awaits them on the other side if they decline to be commandeered. And we can well believe that the average Boer, who does not want to fight any more on either side, would rather be a prisoner out and out than be exposed to the tender mercies of his own old friends. In fact, there is not the slightest doubt as to the wisdom of the proclamation, or as to the full precedent for it which exists in the history of the Franco-Prussian War. But it must be acted upon.

The verbal correction of General Clery's message to the War Office, which correction appeared on Tuesday morning, made all the difference in the world. On Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, we were mourning over the fact—as we deemed it to be—that there had been the same old neglect of ordinary precautions, and that Captain Renals and a small body of the 5th Dragoon Guards had been completely taken by surprise by about eighty of the enemy's force near Dornkop. But on Tuesday we learned that the boot was on the other leg, and that, in fact, this small body of men had reversed the ordinary course of proceedings in South Africa, and had played the mischief with a larger body of the enemy. This, of course, is as it should be. But the intelligent telegraph clerk, or decoder of the telegram, has a good deal to answer for.

A fact of some pregnant interest comes out of the pursuit of De Wet. Of the 6,000 horses captured, 2,000 are said to be in "prime condition." Now, presuming this account to be correct, it is in the first place very satisfactory that our men should be so well supplied with remounts, but what would be still better would be the extraction of the secret by which, after all this campaigning and harassing, so many of the Boer horses are still in "prime condition." If our men could make this secret their own it would be worth more to them than 2,000 horses. But, perhaps, after all, the condition is only relative, and not so absolutely good as the word "prime" suggests.

Undoubtedly the war draws near its close, and it is as much the fear of guerilla parties, composed of all kinds of foreigners, as any zeal for a cause they know to be desperate, that keeps so many of the Boers still in the field; but even so, it is perhaps just a little too soon for immediate action to be taken on the lines of Professor Ray Lankester's suggestion that our soldiers should turn themselves into agents for the supply of the Natural History Museum. A few officers will, no doubt, find leisure for these objects before the war is finally over. The suggestion is altogether excellent; but that does not preclude its lending itself to some humorous mental pictures, such as Tommy, with butterfly net affixed to bayonet, in ardent pursuit of lepidoptera over the veldt, the while a slim Boer snipes him from a kopje; or the transport facilities of the British army used for a few stuffed specimens of the white rhinoceros. Meanwhile, at the moment of writing, it is more interesting to guess the chances of the escape from the British net of the agile and resourceful De Wet.

The war, amongst other valuable lessons, will probably have taught our cavalry and mounted infantry a better care of their horses and a wiser husbanding of their powers until the moment comes when they are required. These are lessons that may be learned by the general of cavalry and by the private alike. It is part of the grammar of the art of war in which not only the enemy, but also our colonial auxiliaries, are a long way ahead of our regular troops. The latter have had no instruction on these lines.

There is no doubt that not only our cavalry horses, but also the remounts sent from this country, have been at a disadvantage for such purposes as campaigning compared with all the rest of the horseflesh that is native or imported in South Africa. Our own are accustomed to good hard feeding on corn, and suddenly find themselves doing far more than their normal meed of work on far less than their normal meed of food, and of that food only a fraction is of the quality they are used to. The horse that is accustomed to work on grass or hay, with a small handful of corn, if any, daily, is far more fitted for the work of a campaign where these rations are the best he has to expect. Perhaps it would be well if our chargers were taught, in time of peace, to be content with more meagre fare, for then they would not suffer so severe a change in the conditions of actual warfare. Better still would it be if they were not such tall horses and if the equipment were less ponderous. A heavy dragoon and his service equipment even are a tremendous load.

It need hardly be said that the movement for establishing a packet service between Spalding, *via* Fosdyke-on-Welland, and Hull, for the alternate conveyance of farm produce to market and of town merchandise to farmers, has our warmest support. Railways may strive as they may—some strive much harder than others—but they cannot be such economical distributors of farm produce as ships. They have had to buy the land on which their lines run, to make the permanent way, and to maintain it. For the shipowner Nature provides the permanent way and maintains it not always in good working order, but free of charge. Whatsoever can be done in the way of transit by sea ought to be so done, and the “man in the street” is very slow to realise how many opportunities of sea-carriage are open to him. Sometimes, however, a big railway strike forces him to use the chances which he has had for years, and then he usually adheres to the altered and cheaper method. For example, the Scotch railway strike was, we believe, of great benefit to the Carron Line and to the Clyde Shipping Company.

Considering how much rain has fallen, and the mightily improved aspect of the rivers, trout have been very sulky and irresponsive. Perhaps they have been glutted by the stuff washed down in the spates that preceded the second heat wave, or it may be that the heat has taken their appetite from them, for only in the late evening do they seem to have moved on most streams. Salmon promise well, as “well” goes in these latter years. There is an appearance of seals in the firths of the East of Scotland, which is thought to indicate an early autumnal run, and the grilse are being taken. From the accounts we have of sea-trout fishing it would seem as if these, always the most irritating of their kind, have been more exasperating than ever in their “shortcoming” habits.

An Irish correspondent writes: “A splendid chance is opened up for Ireland just now to develop a great industry in coal. Millions of tons of anthracite coal are waiting for someone to take at about a third of the price now being paid for it in England. Castlecomer, in the County Kilkenny, has immense mines of coal of this description, but with no railway station within six miles, it is next to valueless. Over 150 years ago, Boate in his ‘History of Ireland’ wrote of this place: ‘There are coals enough in this mine to furnish a whole country. Nevertheless, there is no use made of them further than among the neighbouring inhabitants, because the mines being situated far from rivers, the transportation is too chargeable by land.’ A century ago the Irish Parliament voted £40,000 for the construction of a canal to Castlecomer, but nothing further was ever done about it. In 1871 Professor Huxley testified before a Royal Commission that 77,000,000 tons of anthracite coal could be obtained from the Castlecomer mines, and in 1885 Professor Hull gave it as his opinion that the deposit was at least 118,000,000 tons. It appears unaccountable that this vast source of wealth should be left unworked year after year.”

Another industry which might be made a great deal more of in Ireland, in these days of dear coal, is peat. The bog lands of Ireland cover at least a seventh of the island, or 2,800,000 acres, of which something more than half is flat bog, and the remainder mountain bog. Kildare, King’s County, Sligo, Cork, Tipperary—in fact, most of the counties in the South and West of Ireland—have an unbounded supply of peat which can be used for fuel, peat fibre, moss litter, and other purposes. Several times

attempts have been made to develop a peat fuel industry, but none of the companies formed did much good. Now, the Peat Products of Ireland Company appears to be on the right road. The headquarters of the company is in the County Sligo, and the efforts there have been attended with such success, that a new factory is about to be built in the County Kildare, not far from Dublin, and close to the Grand Canal. A factory is being erected there capable of turning out hundreds of tons weekly, much of which will find its way to the Irish metropolis.

Although the culprit in the recent motor-car case in London was a lady, it is impossible, if the decision of the magistrate upon the point of fact was correct, to offer her our sympathy. There can be no act more flagrantly reckless and inconsiderate than that of driving a motor-car at a breakneck pace through a crowded thoroughfare. But we were ourselves witnesses the other day of one of the worst cases of the excess to which the motor-driver, of the viler sort, will run when he thinks he may do so with impunity. The scene was a little village in Berkshire, in the heart of which a great high road turns at an angle, greater it is true than a right angle, but sufficiently sharp to obstruct the view along the road. Through that village and round that angle a motor-car dashed at the rate of at least thirty miles an hour, to the great delight of the villagers. Apart from the question of safety, the discomfort produced to others was immense, for the clouds of dust which followed were of extraordinary volume, and practically rendered the culprits secure from identification. If any additional justification beyond consideration for the public safety were required for the control of motor-cars, this dust question would go far to supply it. As we prohibit steam-launches from going at top speed on the river partly because the wash ruins the banks, so we might check the headlong career of motor-cars with the object of preventing the suffocation of the passer-by.

We append an extract from a contemporary and a date which go to form a really pitiable comment on our civilisation:

“But the farther one gets from the house the more believers he finds. Several gentlemen to whom the present writer cheerfully suggested last night that the spectre was nonsense shook their heads solemnly, and said they did not know. It was very strange, one adding that ‘something’ was seen last week. The house itself presents striking evidence that hundreds have testified to the faith that is in them. They have demolished eighteen or twenty feet of the garden wall and have hurled the bricks through the windows.”—*Tuesday, August 21st, 1900.*

The date, let us assure our readers in distant parts of the world, is perfectly correct. In the last August of the nineteenth century there have been found idiots—there is no other word for it—who have actually stoned, or bricked, a house in Edith Villas, West Kensington, because they believe it to be haunted. Let us hope some of them may be prosecuted for malicious damage to property.

Two cases of obvious suicide reported early in the week—for they were such, though the juries, in a kindly but ill-judged mood, found otherwise—supply one of the most pitifully childish and one of the most helplessly pathetic reasons for premature escape from this world. One poor schoolmistress, who did not like her work and felt generally superfluous, added as an excuse: “If I stayed there would be nothing to do at all. Now I have got no one to cycle with, and Phil is too busy. The —s have got their friends, and have dropped cycling too.” This poor girl wrote the letter and disappeared on July 27th, and her body was found in the river on August 17th, and the kind jury, directed by the coroner, returned a verdict of “Found dead.” Then a workman of sixty-nine, employed by the Great Eastern Railway, hanged himself expressly because he was about to be pensioned off, meagrely it is true, on the ground of age; and the jury found a verdict of “Temporary insanity.” In the first case, the springs of pity flow, in the second, those of true sympathy. But it is necessary to say that these kindly verdicts are a mistake all the same, since they clearly encourage suicide by removing one of its deterrents. Now that the barbarous consequences of a verdict of *felo de se* are legally abolished, it ought to be returned when the circumstances warrant it.

The potato crop is such a very important one in Ireland that anything which may tend to affect it adversely is regarded with dismay. The comparative absence of the dreaded “blight” in 1898 and 1899 made the people hopeful, that this, the fifty-fifth season since the mysterious visitation of the disease, would see a complete immunity from it. It is feared this will not be the case, and that the failure in the crop will be a heavy one. Whether electricity has really so much to say to the potato blight as the country people think has yet to be discovered, but certain it is that the disease invariably makes its appearance very soon after heavy thunderstorms. A trip down through the Midlands and South of Ireland, recently showed only too plainly that there is every probability of the blight working its wicked will this year. The thunder-storms and accompanying deluges of rain



which swept over the country about the end of last and the beginning of this month must have set it working, for now on nearly every field are to be seen tracks of the disease, and it is too late to hope that any spraying would be of the slightest use. The worst of it is that in the Midlands and South of Ireland the planting of the potato crop is done some weeks later than in the County Dublin, and other early districts, and with the blight attacking it so soon its ravages are much more likely to be serious, as the tubers have not arrived at anything like maturity. The Irish grain crops have not been so much damaged as might be supposed, but the great bulk of the hay is in a very critical condition, and much of it irretrievably ruined.

A correspondent writes: "An instance of bird 'communication with their kind,' and presumably bird 'sympathy,' has been observed in Gloucestershire. A pair of martins had separated themselves from the 'common herd,' and chosen for their nesting-place the eaves of the village school-house. Here the little home was laboriously constructed with mud from the village street, and in due time the eggs were laid and young hatched; and now, fully fledged, and almost ready to fly, the four little heads, black, white, and tan, could be seen at the 'tent

door.' No doubt the parents thought them the purest black and white nestlings in existence, and in pride and joy flew off in the morning in quest of food. Alas! the roof of the school-house needed repair, and a tiler had left his ladder in close proximity to the nest. Two small urchins saw the tempting prize. One climbed the ladder, and with eager hand pulled the young birds out of the nest. 'I say, halves,' cried the other, and two birds became his share. One had been squeezed to death, but no matter; that one was thrown down, and they made off with the other three, hiding them, as they well knew, if seen by their elders, they would be punished, as 'tis tarrable onlucky to rob them martins' nests.' Immediately afterwards the parent birds came home. Their grief was intense, as they flew backwards and forwards with pitiful cries, and searchings into the nest. Suddenly they darted off up the village, where many martins congregated, and in half-an-hour or so returned with about thirty of them. These joined in the flying backwards and forwards and pitiful cries for about an hour, when finally all flew off together, leaving the desolated home and dead nestling in solitude. Surely this was a 'wake' of the lost young ones, and token of sympathy from the martin community to their friends in affliction."

## HOW ADVANCING BIRDS LOOK.



WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE.

It has often occurred to me that the differences of methods between shooters are more in description than in reality, and that pictorial illustration of birds flying might be interesting as well as instructive—the latter if sportsmen who could not agree in words about how much allowance to give for crossing game could agree on the pictorial representation of it. I have previously discussed the possibility of error in verbal description; trying to show that inches may mean feet according to the alteration of the focus of the eyes from the game to the gun barrel muzzle. In the illustration given and called WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE, there are two birds exactly following on the left of the picture, and my idea of killing the second bird is to shoot where the first has got to. It would be very interesting to have other opinions. Again, in the middle of the picture, and slightly above the gun, is another brace, the second following the line of the first exactly, and again my opinion is to shoot where

the first is in order to kill the second. Photographs of birds in flight never look as they do to the eye of the shooter. Moreover, even Mr. Thorburn's lovely pictures of game birds, beyond all praise as they are in themselves, are in my opinion ruined by reduction in size for illustration. In them you see the texture of every feather, which is the highest art, and correct in life-sized game; but photography shows the same texture and all the detail equally when the figures of the game are reduced to the size of a halfpenny, and then they become untrue to Nature. What the sportsman really sees in nature of game in the distance is not much more than something dark, against a bright field as a rule; consequently this is what the artist in the present case has aimed at showing, for it is obvious that if the picture does not look like the thing itself, sportsmen will not be able to inform others what they would do under the circumstances depicted.

G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

## FROM A PILGRIM'S SCRIP.

**A** CHIEF factor of the delight of these pilgrimages is the charm of bird music that comes to you from all the woods and hedgerows round.

For a while you are not conscious of this source of your pleasures—it is so with many of our best delights. Then, after a while, the self-consciousness that that hopelessly rational animal, man, cannot long be quit of resumes its work, and you begin to ask yourself what it is in particular that gives you this delightful sense of *bien-être*, of well-being, of thankfulness to God that he made the world. For this is not always your mood. And forthwith you begin to recognise that there is coming to you from all parts of the earth charming music. At first the sense of the chorus of the concerted whole is what strikes you. And then you begin to pick out the component parts—the different voices. There is the thrush—he is constantly vocal from the nearest grove, the blackbird is more spasmodic, the chaffinch trills his stave now and then; there is the tinkling note of the great tit, the shrill chatter of the blue tit, a hedge-sparrow sings modestly. Even the caw of a rook does not produce any discord in the wonderful effect. And there is a chiff-chaff uttering the perpetual notes that have given him his name and confirming what the cuckoo said, that spring has come.

It is a little curious that in this year 1900, the date (April 22nd) on which I first heard the cuckoo should be the date on which I heard the chiff-chaff too.

Good old Dan Chaucer, so appreciative of all the points of a pilgrimage, did not, you may be very sure, miss this good point. It is when that April with his sweet showers (perhaps they did not have, in those good old days, the cold winds of our



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FELLOW-PILGRIMS.

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every branch, richly fulfilling the promise of the few blooms that have persisted all through the winter to give warrant for the ancient adage that kissing is never out of fashion nor the gorse of flower. When we have the luck to hit upon a bit of orchard in bloom the effect is like Fairyland. A little further on the scene changes, and the pilgrimage is through a rough heathy country, the edge of the western moor, a poor soil only recently cultivated. Evidences of human habitation are rare. It is the country of the stone-chat and the whin-chat, that have lately come to pitch on every eminent stone and gorse top, and flick saucy tails at you and chatter angrily. There are rabbits, a few yellow-hammers, that fly in front of you as you go along, badly worried by your presence,

and that seems all the life of the place, until, suddenly, rounding a corner of the very evil road, there is an apparition of a camp full of FELLOW-PILGRIMS, with their sufficiently mobile houses planted in a clearing of the gorse. They have something to do with waterworks, the conduit of an aqueduct from a lake on the moor to a little country town on its border—tremendous occasion of local feeling, ratepayers indignantly denouncing "a job," in work that obviously is for the good of all, even if somebody does make money out of it. These are not the kind of pilgrims that we envy, these have not the freedom of the tramp, nor even of the gipsy. The gipsy, comparatively with the tramp, is fast bound in civilisation's fetters, for he has a caravan or at least a tent, worldly possessions. The tramp is a snail who carries his all on his back, in his pockets, in his



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RIGID AT THE POINT.

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Aprils) has made the flowers begin to bloom and the little birds make melody, that folk long to go on pilgrimage. It is thus that the prologue begins. They are pious folk, these of his, wending their way to the tomb of the holy, blissful martyr, but that is surely no reason that they should not enjoy the innocent pleasures by the way; and amongst these innocent sources of pleasure he very rightly names the melody of the "smale fowles."

At this season, before the trees have come into leaf, a charming note is given to the landscape by the bloom on the cultivated fruit trees in the orchards, and yet more vividly by the occasional white splash of wild crab, of the pear, or cherry flecking the sombre colours that still seem wintry, except where the tender green of the budding larches enlivens them. Where there is a patch of gorse it is golden, with blossom overlaying

handkerchief. He only is the really free man. But these people, in their corrugated iron lean-to, have no claim to freedom, only to respectability. They have not cut themselves free of Adam's curse. They are working men. They are pleasant fellows, none the less, and submit with excellent grace to the operations of the camera. At the moment there is amongst them an armed man with a gun that gives the whole rather the terrific aspect of a group of convicts watched by a warder. A second turn of the road explains the man in another sense, as a keeper, for here is his dog, RIGID AT THE POINT, entirely forgotten by his master in the stress of chatting to these working men and standing up to the pilgrim's camera. The dog's attitude is so unmistakable, the emphatic rigidity so eloquent, that it behoves to do something. So back again to the pointer's



master, whom I find just screwing his lips into the formation for a whistle when I arrive to tell what I have seen. On that he gives over the whistling intent and comes with me hurriedly round the bend of the road. The dog is a staunch old fellow, and stands while a snap-shot of the camera is fired at him. And then the business is to find out the occasion of the point, for this is not a time of year at which it is permitted to "bring game to the gun," as the phrase goes. And in a few paces more the occasion of the point is evident, yet not very evident, so cunningly does the HEN PHEASANT CROUCHED ON HER NEST assimilate with the mottled browns and greens of the tangled grass and weeds among which she has laid her eggs. It is a remarkable instance of Nature's protective colouring. But the dog has found her by a sense more subtle than sight. One might have passed her a hundred times; and so, no doubt, those working pilgrims of the corrugated iron camp have passed her, and never noticed her—luckily for her, perhaps, luckily for the dozen or so of olive brown eggs that she has under her warm body, for though these are pleasant fellows enough, yet a sitting pheasant is rather much of a temptation, especially in a wild place like this, where nothing seems to be the property of anyone in particular. It is all too wild and natural to be private property. However, those eggs will be made private property very soon now; a net thrown over the head of old mother pheasant as soon as nightfall comes, and she will be put in the pheasantry to lay again if

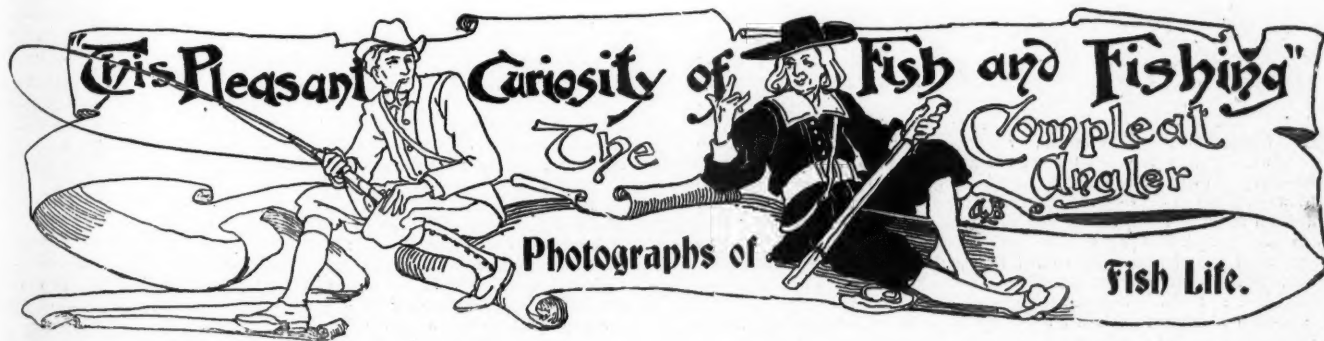


C. Reid.

HEN PHEASANT CROUCHED ON HER NEST.

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she will, her eggs being placed under some old barn-door hen mother instead. So I am afraid I have not done her any very good turn after all, though I get the keeper's thanks, and the good dog gets the commendation he deserves for standing so staunchly to his point. But he would never do such a thing as run in on a sitting pheasant. That would be quite opposed to his conception of "the game." He is more to be trusted than many pilgrims.

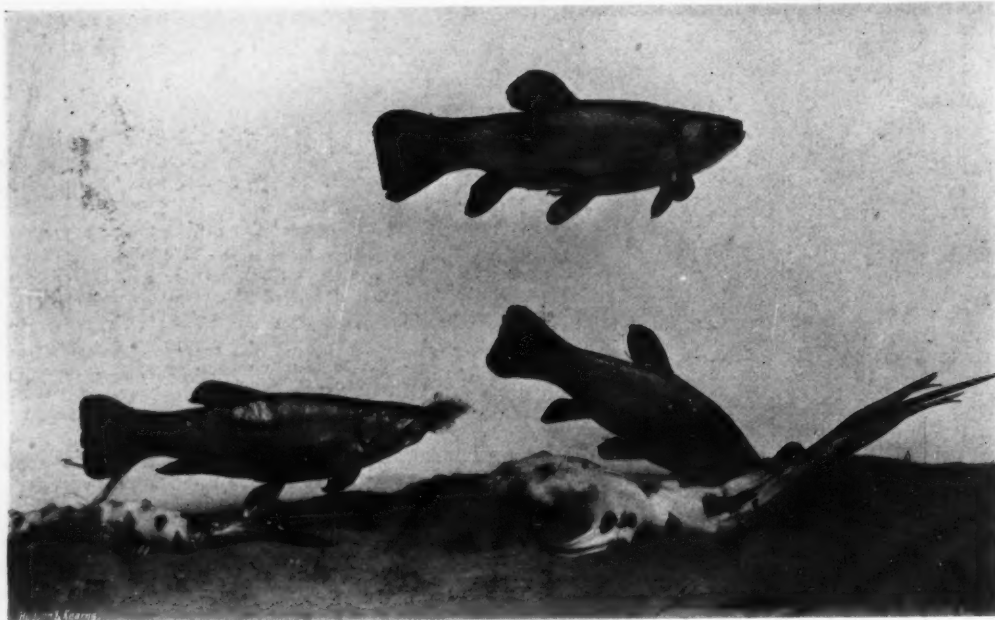


THE tench (*Tinca vulgaris*) is a member of the large family of Cyprinidae, of which the carp is the accepted type. It is a stout, thick-bodied fish, growing, as a rule, to something like a foot in length, and sometimes of a bulkier and more shapely figure than these pictures show it. It seems to have a certain affinity (not structurally at all) with the eel, being a lover of muddy places, and having its body coated with a mucous slime. It has very small scales, big thick fins, the ventral fin in the male fish especially large, and big eyes with a red iris. In colour it is a dark golden brown, some of the German members of the family showing a specially brilliant burnishing, and has small barbels on either side the mouth. Izaak Walton says of it that "in every tench's head there are two little stones, which foreign physicians make great use of, but he is not commended for wholesome meat, though there be much use made of him for outward applications. Rondeletius says, that at his being at Rome, he saw a great cure done by applying a tench to the feet of a very sick man. This, he says, was done after an unusual manner by certain Jews." Walton goes on to tell his friend of other secrets of Esculapius that are kept secret by the Jews "since the days of Solomon." It is to be feared that in these later and sceptical days so much use is not made of the tench for healing applications nor for the "two little stones in its head"; but, on the other hand, the good Walton scarcely does justice to the edible qualities of the tench, which is not a bad fish for the table when caught in running waters, nor even in ponds if care be taken in its feeding. In all likelihood Walton's experience was confined to tench taken in ponds, which, after all, they affect in preference to running streams, and their predilection for the mud seems to impart the flavour of mud to their flesh.

It is a very useful fish for the stocking of ponds, for several

reasons. In the first place, it is a prolific fish, and in this respect it is singular that the female when spawning is always attended by two males, wherefore it is advisable to turn in males in the proportion of two to one of the females; and, in the second place, it is more tenacious of life than can easily be believed, and will travel long distances in wet moss, like a carp. The tench is said to hibernate in winter in the mud at the bottom of ponds. Mud seems to be an essential of his existence, together with a supply of the aquatic plants on which he feeds, and among which are deposited the very numerous and minute greenish ova. In the illustration one of the fish is grubbing in the mud behind a water-lily root, while another is just in the act of blowing out a mouthful of mud after extracting from it everything that suits his palate. The third fish is swimming about at large, taking exercise to get up an appetite for further muddy banquets. Although we have spoken of the ordinary length of the full-grown tench as about 12 in., instances are recorded in which they have grown to much greater size, and they are said to have been taken of a length of 3 ft., though no such measurement seems well attested. The tench is a very quick grower, and it is not altogether impossible that with a plentiful supply of artificial food they may grow even so immensely above the average size as this.

Walton, as usual, gives most elaborate instructions as to baits to be used in angling for the tench, and I note, too, that he "goes back" a little on his earlier observation to the effect that the tench is unwholesome food, for he writes: "I am sure he eats pleasantly, and doubtless you will think so too if you taste him." How to reconcile the statements I know not. "He will bite," says the gentle father of angling, "at a paste made of brown bread and honey, or at a marsh-worm, or a lob-worm; he inclines very much to any paste with which tar is mixed," and so on, with various worm baits in addition; but he



J. Turner-Turner.

TENCH FEEDING.

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ends by admitting that he is "a fish I have not often angled for," and by courteously wishing his "honest scholar" fuller experience and all good fortune. On the whole, the tench may be caught much after the manner and with much the same lures as his cousin the carp; but he does not seem to be nearly so shy a fish.

## SHOOTING: VIII. . . OLD METHODS AND NEW.

**I**N spite of the fact that shooting over dogs is in some quarters regarded as fit only for old fogies, and that this queer view now has to be taken by every sporting journalist who wishes to be thought smart and well-informed, the majority of Scotch grouse are still shot over dogs for the first fortnight of the season, or by means of its bastard substitute—walking in line. The latter plan is not a very sporting one, for it goes without saying that if grouse can be walked up by a line of guns and heaters to advantage, they can be hunted and found by dogs to much greater advantage. They will lie to dogs longer than they will to a line of men, and walking in line is therefore not put into practice, like driving, because the grouse cannot be shot in any other manner, but for no other reason than an absence of good dogs. That is to say, for some reason possibly unconnected with sport a moor is taken, at a sum which probably averages a guinea a brace, and then the grouse are shot in a manner which makes them no better than blue rocks at 2s. a head; for a grouse walked up is not a very sporting shot, and the beating of the ground in the drill-sergeant method is about as uninteresting and dreary a performance as was ever dignified by the name of sport. But I can well understand some of the younger generation, who have been brought up in an age of shooting for the gallery, asking "What then would you do? Here we are half-a-dozen strong, all longing for the sport, we do not possess all told half-a-dozen dogs, and most of what we have are as likely to flush their game and chase a hare, if not a sheep, as they are to point grouse; besides, when one of the better ones does point, one of the others, instead of backing as he should, goes in and takes the point, and perhaps flushes the birds before the nearest gun can hurry up. What are we to do?" Exactly as you like, of course. Grouse shooting is only a recreation, and as long as those who enjoy it are happy, nobody has any cause to complain. Those who adopt the walking in line plan have the benefit of pleasant company. Each man of the party, nay, each woman as well, can see what all the others are doing, and there is compensation in that, and it is quite fair to make mental comparisons and contrasts between one man's work and that of another, but there it ends.

But there is a very great deal of proper shooting over dogs, two guns to a party, going on this year, probably as much as there has been any time during the last two decades. Moreover, some very excellent bags have been made over them, and gun for gun they have beaten the drivers for the first day of the season. Of course the most celebrated driving moors were not shot on the 13th, and for very good reasons they never are. It is probable that when the bags are made upon Moy Hall Moors in Inverness-shire, and a few other of the crack driving moors for Scotland, the dogs will have to take a back seat for a record day's work; but at the time of writing none of the great record driving moors in England or in Scotland have been shot over. No accounts have come from Lord Ripon's moors of Lord De Grey's doings; none from Broomhead of Mr. Rimmington Wilson's; none from High Forse; none from Mr. Vynor or Lord Walsingham. But whatever may be the eye-openers in store for us, the dogs began very well indeed, and will in most cases have put in a fortnight before the crack driving begins. What I want to know is whether, because all the sport is not crowded into one day, but is spread over a fortnight, there is any less of it. I never can make up my mind that there is, and I think that most sportsmen, in spite of the fashionable way of writing in the Press, are of my way of thinking. I judge of the matter from two points of view. First you have, brace for brace, to pay twice as much for a good dog moor as for a driving one; and then, on the other hand, personally I would rather spend a fortnight on the moors than a day, or a month than a week.

The biggest bag, 318½ brace, on the 13th was made by the Duke of Devonshire's Yorkshire driving party of nine guns, shooting from Bolton Hall; but as this was only seventy-one grouse to a gun, it was easily beaten by some of the dog men in the sister country. The Duke of Portland and Lord Henry Bentinck were reported to have got 140 brace in Caithness up to five o'clock in the afternoon, over dogs of course, and to be still going on. That may be taken at 140 birds and a bit over per gun, but the Yorkshire average was also beaten by a larger party in Perthshire. Thus Mr. William Younger's party at Dalnaspidal, which lies on the Perth and Inverness line, accounted for 226 brace to dogs, or seventy-five birds to each of the six guns. Dalnaspidal has no peculiarities about it that should make it more of a dog moor than the average of moors in the Highlands, and it may probably be taken that nothing but ordinary methods were used, that is, two, or at most three, guns shot over a single team of dogs. I mean that no such methods were used as were adopted by that crack shot and good sportsman, the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, when, near Aberfeldy some thirty years ago, he killed 220 brace of grouse over dogs to his own

gun in the day. Then he had several men working different braces of dogs for him, at the same time, throughout the day, and other men driving the birds from the high ground into the beats to be taken; so that, except for the trigger play being all one man's, he probably did just about what two or three parties could have done in the ordinary manner of shooting. His big bag, therefore, is no proof that grouse lie worse to dogs now than they did then; that is, where driving is not practised. What influence driving game year after year has upon the instincts of the offspring is rather doubtful. Theory, as well as the habits of the Yorkshire grouse, would say that it has a great effect, but some scientific people have lately been ascribing us to the contrary; that manners acquired in the lifetime of an individual have no effect on offspring. If that is so, acquired manners, no matter when or how, have no effect on offspring in any later generation. If nothing is transmitted to the parents, they cannot transmit that which they do not possess. But although this is the latest opinion of science, it has not yet been accepted as accurate by those who see very much of animal life, and are always observing. It would be exceedingly interesting to hear opinions on this subject from the great numbers of sportsmen in Scotland at the present moment who must have been observing the habits of grouse on particular moors for very many years. The question, "Does driving make grouse wild?" is not to be answered by the two facts that grouse are wild in Yorkshire, and that they drive grouse in Yorkshire. But it is possible that those who have shot grouse over dogs in England up to quite late years could draw a useful parallel. For instance, on Bowes Moors they shot good bags to dogs for years after nearly all the county besides was converted to driving; and even this year Mr. Walter Morrison will have a fortnight over dogs in North Ribblesdale before he begins to drive. Besides this, on Rathmell Moor, near Settle, Mr. Holmes, with four guns, had got sixty brace of grouse over dogs up to lunch-time on the 13th, and yet they say, and with truth on most of the driving moors, that you cannot kill grouse over dogs; you certainly cannot without driving off fifty for every five you shoot, and, by August 30th, without driving off 500 for every five killed. On the face of it, driving, which was resorted to because grouse were too wild for dogs, looks as if it has made them very much wilder than ever they were before, in spite of the newly-found discovery that acquired instinct and manner is not transmitted. Last Monday Mr. Clutterbuck was going to begin to shoot at High Forse, and last Saturday Lord Westbury was to open the ball at Wemmergill, two adjoining moors in Teesdale, each holding peculiar records—the former for the greatest bag on record for nineteen days' shooting (15,486); the latter because the late Sir Frederick Milbank killed the greatest number of grouse to a gun ever killed in a single drive (190), and the greatest number in a day ever killed by one of a line of guns, and, moreover, 17,064 grouse in the same season of 1872, but less, by several hundreds, than Lord Walsingham, shooting alone, killed afterwards in the day. I should call Sir F. Milbank's performance the greatest grouse shooting on record because it was all done in eight drives, whereas I should think Lord Walsingham's the greatest driving feat on record because there were twenty drives obtained on only about 2,000 acres of moors, and 1,056 grouse killed in the single day by one gun on that small extent of country. I should say that it is going to be a great season in Scotland and a good one in England, but when the figures above are looked at it will be admitted that 1872 will take a lot of wiping out in point of records. This, moreover, was the season in which at Granatully, near Aberfeldy, the late Maharajah made his big bag spoken of above. Aberfeldy is the district in which the Countess of Paris taught the ladies how a woman could shoot, and this year not far off, at Kinloch, five guns got 130 brace of grouse; the *Scotsman* says that Mr. Atholl Hay and Mrs. Smith got 67½ brace of them.

In Cheshire, on the Backforest Moors, near Macclesfield, Mr. P. L. Brocklehurst's party bagged in the first three days 690 head, and they have not quite given up the use of dogs there, as it is stated that the "tropical heat interfered much with the scent, and dogs were not of much service." I can understand dogs being of no service in consequence of wildness, but I think I know some at least that can even find grouse in tropical heat. That brings me back to the point at which I started—what to do when there are no good dogs and everybody wants to shoot. I should say reserve 20 per cent. of the proposed rent to be paid for buying dogs—but no rubbish, not even at dirt cheap price; but as that only applies to the future, I should say driving, even if bad, is better than walking up to the grouse, and if they are not yet wild enough to drive, fish until they are.

ARGUS OLIVE.



## "ROUND KANCHINJINGA."

[Many men of all ranks have shown kindness to COUNTRY LIFE and its readers, but the present is none the less an exceptional case. Mr. Douglas Freshfield, with Mr. E. Garwood, F.G.S., alpine climber, Spitsbergen explorer, geologist, entomologist, and photographer, attacked the monarch Kanchinjinga in 1899. With them were Signor Vittorio Sella, "widely celebrated as the most successful photographer of the high Alps and Caucasus, and as the companion of the Duke of Abruzzi in his recent ascent of Mount Elias, in Alaska," his brother, Emilio, a photographic assistant, and the young guide, Angelo Maquignaz, of Val Tournanche. Together they explored an entirely unknown mountain tract in Sikkim, at the other end of the Himalaya from that recently explored by Sir Martin Conway, and the results were embodied in a paper by Mr. Freshfield, read before the Alpine Club in June of this year, and in a wonderful exhibition of mountain photographs, in that quiet house at the end of Savile Row, which is the true heart of the great body of mountaineers. From that exhibition, and from that paper, Mr. Freshfield has generously permitted us to make such extracts and selections as we please, and the task has been a labour at once of love and of difficulty, for the paper is interesting from its initial to its final letter, and it is written with exceptional force, and grace, and modesty, and the pictures are all beautiful. Amongst them we have endeavoured to select a few of the most characteristic and imposing. From the paper, which is one of the best examples of explorer's literature that has ever been written, and, as it stands, absolutely coherent, we have extracted sundry passages—which necessarily lack something of coherence—and our object in selection has been to show the kind of journey which Mr. Freshfield and his companions undertook, the spirit in which they started, and endured, and conquered, and the miraculous beauty and majesty of the scenes which they witnessed. With so much of preliminary, and with a word of sincere gratitude to Mr. Freshfield, let us proceed at once to the work of selection.]

WE are not a nation of geographers. I trust, therefore, that I shall not be thought rude if I impute to my readers some uncertainty as to the details of the orography of the Himalayan chain. It may serve to remove misapprehension and to give some idea of the scale of the Himalaya if I remind them that Kanchinjinga is a mountain in Sikkim, 28,156ft. in height, and in nearly the same longitude as Calcutta, as far south of Gilgit and the Karakoram as Etna is of Mont Blanc, and as far east of K<sup>2</sup> as the Gross Glockner is of the Pyrenean Mont Perdu. My journey was not, therefore—as many of my friends have supposed—in the same district as Sir Martin Conway's recent explorations. It was at the other end of the Himalaya.

In the map which accompanies Sir Joseph Hooker's "Himalayan Journals"—a classic which has been familiar to me since childhood, and is, I presume, well known to most readers of travel—a broad blank separates the explorer's routes to the east from those to the west of Kanchinjinga. Across it are inscribed the following words: "This country is said to present a very elevated, rugged tract of lofty mountains, sparingly snowed, uninhabitable by man or domestic animals."

Maps, if caviare to the British general, are, as Louis Stevenson somewhere insists, stimulating to all persons of



LEPCHAS.

proper imagination. This map of Hooker's, at any rate, had retained a hold on my memory, and from time to time I had felt a vague ambition to supply those missing links in the tour of Kanchinjinga. Yet the years and the decades slipped past; half a century had been completed from the date of Sir Joseph's journey, and still my project seemed no nearer being carried out, still no European penetrated to the back of the great mountain, still no even approximately correct map of its glaciers was obtainable by the man of science or the mountaineer.

Thus it was that, in 1899, when I at last saw my way to visiting Sikkim, the Tour of Kanchinjinga was still a voyage of discovery. But let me say here, once for all, that I make no pretence to having led a Scientific Expedition—with capital letters. My first object was to enjoy "the glories of the world," though I will not add, with the poet, that "laws of Nature were my scorn." I bow with grateful admiration to the real scientific explorer, to a Forbes or a Hooker. Few have had better opportunities than I had, during my thirteen years' Honorary Secretaryship of the Royal Geographical Society, of observing how much is lost to knowledge by the want of training of most young Englishmen in any branch of Natural Science.

But the interests of Science are not best consulted by those who put forward exorbitant pretensions in her name. I confess I lose my patience when *soi-disant* scientific persons claim a monopoly of Alpine exploration. And I am sorry when some of my athletic friends humour them by pretending to climb more for science than for scenery or adventure. The proper use of



KANCHINJINGA AND JANNU FROM THE JONGSONG LA.

the eyes is the foundation of knowledge, and an honest climber can often add more to it than many self-styled scientists. I may perhaps add here, at the risk of confessing myself altogether out of the fashion, that I did not travel for any newspaper, or even for, or with the aid of, any society; unless, indeed—imitating at a respectful distance the example of Tom Coryat, who was proud to profess that he was traveller for the wits who met on the first Friday of every month at the Mermaid Tavern—I may venture to say that I travelled for the benefit of my old friends who meet on the first Tuesday of every month at 23, Savile Row. What I tried to do was to organise a party of pleasure, which should at the same time be so constituted as to produce results that might afford entertainment, and even instruction, to a larger circle of the friends of mountains.

[Mr. Freshfield here states the members of his party, and expresses his feeling of gratitude to British officials for help readily given.]

Our coolies, who numbered at different times from forty to fifty, were collected partly at Darjeeling and partly at Gantok, the capital of Independent Sikkim. They were all volunteers, and were of very different types, effeminate-looking Lepchas, Nepalese, and sturdy Bhotias—that is, Tibetans dwelling on the



THE GORGE OF THE TEESTA BELOW LACHEN.

southern slope of the great chain. In addition to these carriers we had an escort of six Goorkhas, belonging to the military police, or pioneers of Independent Sikkim, who helped to manage the coolies, and made them less nervous of any possible meeting with Tibetan or Nepalese outposts. These men reach no pretence to be mountaineers, like Major Bruce's trained climbing company.

Enough of preliminary. Life is short, and the tour of Kanchinjinga is long. I have got to pack into a few pages the experiences of seven weeks' travel. Selection is no easy matter: I must be brief; my readers must pardon me if I become obscure.

Our journey may conveniently be divided into stages. The first, on horseback, will take us up the Tibetan pony road, eleven marches, about eight days' ride, 140 miles, to Lachen, where the Zemu joins the Teesta. Look at any large map; from the snows of Kanchinjinga the Singalelah spur sweeps down south like the tail of a comet, curving in its lower portion to the east. Darjeeling stands on a short northern offshoot of this tail, 7,000ft. above the sea. The space enclosed between the spur and the snows is occupied by a ridge and furrow country, in which the ridges average 6,000ft. to 8,000ft., and the valleys 700ft.

to 2,000ft. The Tibet road descends over 6,000ft. to the bridge of the Teesta (700ft.), then climbs again to 7,000ft. behind Kalimpong, and goes on, up and down, from glen to glen, until beyond Tumlong it crosses back into the main gorge of the Teesta, and traverses its slopes, where heavy landslips often interrupt traffic for weeks.

Words of mine must fail to give any adequate idea of the beauty and variety of the forest paths in Sikkim; perhaps Signor Sella's photographs may serve better. I must confess to having felt on this ride the same sort of delight a child feels on its first visit to the pantomime. I waited breathlessly for what would come next, and what came was always beyond my expectation. In the open square thatched cottages rose among green terraced ricefields or nestled between orange trees, plantains, and feathery clumps of gigantic bamboos. But it was on entering the forest that the true enchantment began. We rode through an endless colonnade of tall trunks, oaks, chestnuts, magnolias, their stems and branches fringed with parasitic ferns and festooned with orchids and creepers. Tree ferns raised their crowns over the carpet of greenery and blossom that covered every inch of ground. Hydrangeas were common, and a yellow convolvulus romped over everything. Down each ravine sparkled a full torrent, making the flowers and ferns nod as it rushed past them. Magnificent butterflies, some black and blue, others gorgeous flashes of colour, fluttered across the sunlight.

In the long stage above Choontang the traveller passes from the forms and vegetation of the foothills to those of the High Himalaya. The forest, if it loses little in richness, changes in character; it ceases to be sub-tropical. Bamboos, plantains, magnolias, and hydrangeas gradually give place to red-stemmed tree rhododendrons, pines, and larches. The Teesta flows in a narrow ravine, which, until the present bridges were made, was often impassable for weeks. The path climbs up and down between high cliffs and scarcely less steep walls of forest, until, some twelve miles above Choontang, it scales a great step in the valley, and emerges from the long gorge on to virgin meadows gay with an alpine flora, where for the first time the mountaineer feels at home and near his work. The impression is strengthened when the scattered cottages of Lachen come in view; at a short distance they are hardly distinguishable from Swiss chalets.

At Lachen civilisation is represented by a shed, or "godown," the last Government building towards Tibet. Here we left our kind hosts, Captain and Mrs. Le Mesurier, who remained camped for ten days at Lachen, keeping us in touch with the outer world, and forming an efficient barrier to any wholesale desertion on the part of our coolies.

We had now to plunge on foot into the wilderness north-west of Kanchinjinga, a region without inhabitants. One track alone traverses it, running north and south over a series of grass passes, a few miles west of the Teesta, and roughly parallel to its valley. We proposed to strike at a right angle across this track (which was once taken by Mr. White) at the foot of the Zemu Glacier, the stream from which joins the Teesta two miles above Lachen. The jungle in its defiles had repulsed Hooker, and very contradictory reports were up to the last moment brought us as to our chance of success in penetrating it. We sent on, therefore, our Goorkha pioneers to hew a track through the rhododendrons.

After two days' fine weather the rain poured pitilessly during our night at Lachen. We had hardly started before our way was blocked by a torrent, rolling down stones and mud, and making the passage difficult for laden men. This was before we left the Tibetan road, which we did at the Zemu Bridge. From this point it is two marches to Gyagong, 15,700ft., the Tibetan frontier, guarded by a wall, behind which a Tartar outpost is condemned to shiver. It is some distance this side of the watershed.

We spent three days in reaching the Zemu Glacier. During the first we clambered up and down sticky and almost vertical banks, we waded in slush, and stumbled between the twisted roots and arms of the giant rhododendrons. On the second day the ground became more broken, the track more difficult to recognise, and the ascents and descents, if possible, more vertical and vexatious. Regular path there was none, but here and there we came on the tracks of natives, who collect and bury lily roots, which they afterwards dig up and use for food.

When we got to the foot of the glacier we found ourselves, owing to a mistake of our guides, on the wrong side of the torrent. It was necessary to cross to the right bank, and we



thought ourselves lucky in finding two huge boulders, which by a little engineering were made into a bridge practicable for the coolies. On the third night we slept on a moraine (14,800ft.) high above the tongue of the glacier. On the next day we pursued a rocky dell beside the ice, and then crossed to its left bank. On the fifth day from Lachen (the journey takes half the time for a well-girt and unladen messenger) we reached wide open pasture sloping gently from the north. We pitched our camp at about 16,000ft., under the shelter of the moraine, twenty minutes below a small green tarn. The basin of the glacier here bends to the south, and the cliffs of Kanchinjinga were seen at its head, flanked by Simvoo on our left and nameless peaks of 24,000ft. on our right.

Next day, leaving my companions to their photography, geology, botany, and sport, I went for a walk to reconnoitre the neighbourhood. At the lake I entered on the rough glacier and crossed a broad affluent flowing out of the range to the west. Beyond this tributary, between the mountain slope and the main glacier, lay a series of empty lake basins connected by steep funnels. The walking was bad; we had to go up and down, or tread on the sides of our boots across steep slopes, so that we gained height slowly. Still we approached steadily the great cliffs of Kanchinjinga. The broad easy tributary flowing from the saddle between Simvoo and the spur of Siniolchum was left behind, and we began to see right into the long trough that leads to the 19,300ft. gap under Kanchinjinga. The Cloud Gap, I should like to call it, for every afternoon the vapours flock through it from the lower valleys to the south in long-drawn streamers.

We halted when we came to a point (4hrs. from camp) where another side glacier poured down from the north ridge of Kanchinjinga. The air was close and oppressive, despite the altitude, over 17,000ft., and after lunch Maquignaz, who was with me, fell asleep. I left him on the moraine and pursued my solitary way over the icy waves for a short distance. My object was to ascertain if there were any means of gaining the lower end of a prodigious snow buttress which fell from a point near the highest peak of Kanchinjinga. What I saw was not encouraging, but readers may judge for themselves from the telephotograph Signor Sella afterwards secured of this face of the mountain. For the rest my reconnaissance resulted in several conclusions.

The ascent up the deep corridor to the 19,300ft. gap would be easy but unprofitable, inasmuch as the impending heights must limit the view. The broad saddle between Simvoo and Siniolchum was more tempting, and it seemed as if Simvoo (22,300ft.) might be taken with it. From that peak a full

insight would be obtained into the topography of the crest north of Kanchinjinga, forming the Nepalese frontier, and the most practicable gap in it could be selected. This would doubtless be found at the head of the tributary glacier I had crossed in the morning. The next step would be to move our light camp to a higher point.

Man proposes, but in mountain exploration the great disposer is the weather—in Sikkim, perhaps, we may say the demon of the snows. That portentous monster the genius of Kanchinjinga, whose image decorates the Buddhist temples of the lower hills, awoke to the fact that his fastnesses were invaded, and prepared for defence. While I was plotting he was acting.

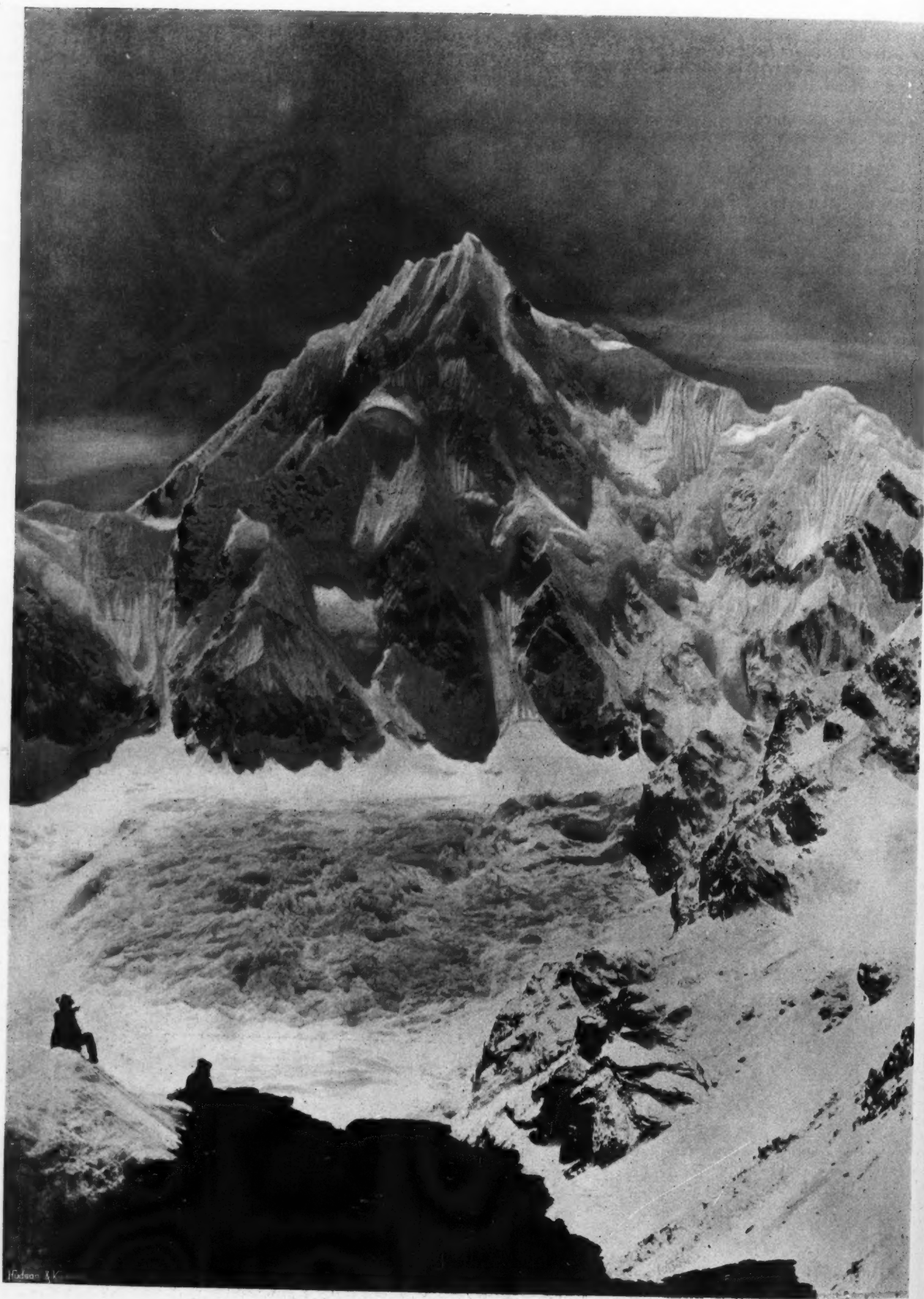
The sky, which had been deep blue, turned pale, then grey, then almost yellow; thin, ugly vapours gathered upon the great crest. The sun grew sickly, and was surrounded by a lurid ring. The air was perfectly still and very close and warm. Recognising all the usual signs of bad weather, I returned and roused Maquignaz, and we set out for camp. When halfway across the tributary glacier we saw dense mists racing up the valley, and were met by a keen blast. We raced, too, and got off the moraine as the first flakes fell. In a few moments the storm was on us, everything was blotted out, and we were guided into camp by the shouts of our Darjeeling Sirdar, who had hurried out in search of us. I tumbled into my tent and panted speechlessly for some minutes. I had forgotten that it is inexpedient to run, even downhill, when above the level of the top of Mont Blanc.

The history of the next twenty-four hours was a blank—a white page in our diaries. The snow fell heavily all Saturday night and Sunday. In the evening some coolies came up from the lower camp and told us that the men we had sent down the evening before had not turned up, and must be lost. The Sella proposed that a relief party should set out at once in the darkness. I discouraged such action, feeling convinced that the men, following the fashion of the country, had taken shelter under rocks. There had been nothing like a *tourmente*, and the nature of the ground made it almost impossible for them to have missed the true direction. I proved to be right.

At dawn on Monday it was snowing as hard as ever. We measured exactly a metre (3ft. 3in.) round our tent where it had not drifted. The snow had to be cleared off the roof every half-hour to prevent a collapse. There seemed no reason why the storm should stop, and good reason that we should not. One of the smaller tents was completely buried. The coolies with us were naturally frightened, and even Maquignaz indulged in references to avalanches. These, however, did not form a real



THE LOWER ZEMU CAMP AFTER THE SNOWSTORM.



SINIOLCHUM AFTER THE SNOWSTORM.



danger, for our line of retreat was nowhere exposed to them, nor did any of any consequence fall.

At first the snow was so deep and soft that it seemed hardly possible for us to move more than a few yards. Unladen men were sent ahead to beat a path; we and the light luggage followed. It was very laborious work, and our progress was extremely slow. Suddenly the sky lightened, and in a few minutes the sun came out. Such a sun: blazing, blinding, dazzling, scorching! Every facet of the new snow gave back its rays. The heat was intense. The unhappy Garwood had set out in a fur cap and black tarpaulin jacket, a costume planned—and, doubtless, admirably suited for—Spitsbergen. We conducted him under the shadow of a great rock, where we waited till shifting vapours tempered somewhat the first fury of the solar rays. But the whole walk was a severe penance, and our night at the lower camp was naturally feverish.

Next morning we woke to "set fair." The world was all white. The smoke of our camp fires alone sullied the blue heavens. The fine weather which, with one break of forty-eight hours, was to last for the remainder of our journey had set in.

But the conditions were altogether changed. The easy had become difficult; the snow-level had been lowered 3,000ft. We had hoped to make some high ascent, to force a pass into Nepal from the head of the Zemu Glacier. All such projects had now to be abandoned; to get round Kanchinjinga somehow was all we could hope, or reasonably attempt. We halted for two days, observing and photographing. We gazed with ceaseless delight on the peak immediately opposite our camp—Siniolchum, 22,570ft.—the most beautiful snow mountain I have ever seen, perhaps the most beautiful in the world. Its icy sides are exquisitely fluted by avalanches; the snow upon its edges is blown up into fantastic fringes, so thin as to be transparent to the Indian sunshine. It is the embodiment of the inaccessible, a fitting throne for the spirit of the summits.

On the third day we set out on our tour, but Garwood was so unwell that we soon had to halt. He had felt the combination of heat and altitude. Twenty-four hours' rest, however, set him up. The two 17,000ft. passes, which we had now to cross—the Tangchung La and the Thé La—ought in September to be no more difficult than the Wengern Alp, at the same season. There is a yak track over them, made by parties taking timber into Tibet. They were now in the condition of the Wengern Alp in February. We wallowed; the coolies rolled in somersaults down their endless slopes. The only vegetable objects visible were the stems of the giant rhubarb, which I at first mistook for sign-posts. After the first pass the coolies struck for a day's rest. They had not profited by the spectacles with which they had been provided, and many of them were snow-blind, while others pretended to be so. Those who had really anything the matter were doctored, and a few sent back to the valley.

[Here follows an account of a descent into the desolate valley of Lhonakh, of an ascent of Chortenima La, of doubts and difficulties, of two Arctic camps, of a terrible descent, and of a tragedy.]

I had no reason to believe that all our men had not rejoined us. It was not till two days later that I was told that a coolie had been left behind on the rocks in a dying state by his companions. The missing man was not one of the rear guard or of the malingers at the highest camp. As far as I could elicit the facts, they were as follows: The man, who had been previously relieved of his load, told his comrades that he was weary of life, and asked them to leave him. Having received his directions as to the disposition of his property—a cow and some pigs—they covered him with a blanket, and left beside him a vessel of water and some biscuits from a tin, which they opened for the purpose—and bade him farewell.

There was, from a European point of view, no excuse for the conduct of these men. They had provisions and coverings; they might have halted with their comrade; they might have informed us within a couple of hours of his condition. They did none of these things. As far as I could make out they felt no

remorse; on the contrary, they held that it would have been officious on their part to interfere with the poor fellow's desire to proceed to another incarnation.

At last we left the ice for the right-hand moraine, and crossing it found grass, snow-streaked, but bare in most places. The coolies cheered up and stepped out, until, at an angle of the mountain-side, just above the meeting of the glaciers from Kanchinjinga with that we had descended, we came on a tiny level, round which grew dwarf juniper bushes fit for firewood.

The advance guard of coolies halted, and expressed their feelings in a British cheer. We were quite ready to camp. A message came from the rear that Vittorio Sella was indisposed and needed help. He soon came in, however; his indisposition had proved temporary.

The spot we had now attained was an ideal site for a mountaineer's camp. The world can have few better. At our feet, at a level of about 17,000ft., five separate ice streams met to form a great trunk glacier. First came that we had descended, flowing south from behind us in a narrow trough; the next, to the north-east, issued from under the 24,000ft. crest north of Kanchinjinga on the frontier ridge; the third came from the gap of 21,000ft. leading to the western tributary of the Zemu Glacier; separated from it by a massive spur was a cataract of ice pouring down from a snow plateau under the highest crest of Kanchinjinga; the fifth glacier filled a basin below the western spurs of Kanchinjinga and the ridge connecting them with Jannu, the top of which was invisible. A more magnificent arrangement of snow and ice could hardly be imagined. One of Signor V. Sella's panoramas fortunately gives a fair idea of its grandeur.

We spent the greater part of the following day at our camp opposite Kanchinjinga, proceeding in the afternoon over the grass slopes beside the great moraine-laden glacier to a point a little way above the opening of a valley that trends north to another pass, the Chathang La, which apparently leads to Lhonakh, and was once taken by Chandra Das, another native surveyor. Some stone huts, resembling Italian chalets, stand at the junction. They are also called Lhonakh; at least the survey maps attribute to them the name. We found them deserted.

Our path lay along grassy slopes and over flowery mounds, the deposits of ancient glaciers. The dirty ice from Kanchinjinga still flowed in the centre of the valley; on its further side rose precipices like those of the Wetterhorn, crowned by icy spires and pinnacles; a large glacier poured down from between them. We missed a bridge and had a tussle with a torrent. In the evening we reached Kambachen, the summer village of the district, a picturesque group of stone cottages, surmounted by Buddhist Chortens and flagstaffs, at the junction of two valleys. It was entirely deserted. Here we found the first stunted timber. Next morning we



WILD HYDRANGEA.

woke to discover Jannu and two appalling attendant giants throwing their cold shadows over us—a superb spectacle. But I must not linger. We passed the huge dyke of the Jannu Glacier, which bars the valley; we roamed through a most romantic juniper and pine forest. Presently we saw, beyond the stream, meadows dotted with long-haired and gaily betasselled yaks, and then some brown farm-horses. A rustic deputation met us by the roadside. The farmers wore a broad Tartar smile; the women, forewarned by some woodcutters of the strange arrivals, had put on all their jewellery, their amber, coral, and turquoise ornaments; what was more to the purpose, they had brought milk and potatoes. They were the first inhabitants we had met since leaving Lachen twenty-five days before.

We next traversed three passes of about 15,000ft. on the spur of Jannu, described by Hooker as the Choonjerma. From one of these we had a noble view over Nepal; the blue sky was ringed with wintry snows; round us the upper slopes and valleys were rich in the faded reds and browns of autumn; below these again spread the eternal green of the zone of tropical summer, and beyond again we could see the pale shimmer of the plains of Bengal. But the centre of the scene (to us at any rate) was the highest measured peak in the world, the Mount Everest of the Survey, rising over the northern shoulder of the splendid dome of Makalu. In shape Everest is not imposing; it looks an "easy mountain." The outline reminded me of that of the Dôme and Aiguille du Goûter, Mont Blanc being suppressed. Behind it rose a gigantic rock peak which, if seen at all by surveyors, has hitherto only been seen from the plains. It appears, however, in Major Waddell's illustration of the view from near the Kang La. I regret that I cannot throw any fresh light on the question whether there are—as several natives and Mr. Graham have suggested—higher summits north-west of Everest. We did not recognise any, but we were 3,000ft. lower than the Kang La peak, whence Mr. Graham thought he saw them. All we could see in this direction were the tips of distant ranges rising over the nearer snows. Clouds and a snowfall stopped our climbing the Kang La peak and prevented any exploration of the glacier between Junnoo and Kabru. We had, however, momentary glimpses of the precipices of the latter mountain, which, contrary to the opinion expressed by some travellers, is well seen from the Yalung valley.

We arrived at Jongri (13,600ft.), the future Riffel Alp of Sikkim, in driving sleet. Despite broken bridges, Mr. Earle's kindness had sent up our letters and fresh stores by the Singalelah route. The fine weather soon returned, but it became much colder. The smaller streams down to 12,000ft. remained frozen all day. We tramped north a three days' march, there and back to the Giucha La, a 16,400ft. pass under Pandim, which has been visited by quite a number of tourists from Darjeeling. We climbed Kabru, the local Riffelhorn, 10,000ft. higher than Mont Blanc.

We enjoyed sunrises and sunsets, the rose of dawn on Kanchinjanga, the last flush of evening on Kabru, radiant noons and still more rare and radiant full moons; we watched the clouds rising in pillars like our childhood's friends the genii

of the "Arabian Nights," from the depths of the valleys; beyond the varied greens of the forest foreground we saw the marvellous sapphire waves of the more distant foothills; we recognised in the golden haze of the far-away plains the silver ribbon of the Teesta, eighty miles off. At sunset we could almost count the houses at Darjeeling, thirty-five miles off as the crow flies.

On the fifth day from Jongri, including one of rest at Pamionchi—good marching, had not half of it been riding—we exchanged Lamas for English ladies as hosts; narrow tents or dak bungalows, in which the rain came through the roof and our feet went through the rotten floor, for European houses; dry biscuits for bread and butter. In a word, we returned to civilisation; we put on dress clothes, and dined with generals and lieutenant-governors; we took a lingering, fond farewell of Kanchinjanga, seen from Observatory Hill between the flags that had been raised during the Pooja, or Day of Humiliation, held to expiate (according to some accounts) our intrusion upon its sacred solitudes.

In conclusion, I shall venture to offer some general remarks;

and first as to the possibility of ascending Kanchinjanga. After seeing all its faces, I am inclined to agree with Mr. Graham and Emil Boss that there is no hope for assailants by any of the ridges or faces visible from Darjeeling. There remain the north ridge and the north-west and north-east faces, overlooking respectively the Kanchinjanga and the Zemu Glaciers. From the Zemu Glacier the only access to the northern ridge is by a snowy spur or buttress, of excessive length, narrowness, and steepness. Taken in bits it is probably not inaccessible; as a whole I fancy it will prove so, at any rate, for a long time to come. The chances certainly are better on the Nepal side, though the dangers are also greater. Here the climber has first to run the gauntlet of possible avalanches at a spot where crevasses may prevent rapid progress. This critical spot passed, the long steep névé stream flowing from under the ridges of the final peak is broken only by two shelves of rock, neither of which looks from a distance very formidable.

Above these is a snow plateau, where the last camp might be made. The final ridge, as far as can be seen with the aid of powerful glasses, does not seem likely to offer any insuperable obstacles. The point I should feel most anxiety about in planning an assault would be the transport to the final camp. It is very doubtful whether any local coolies would go so high in the most favourable circumstances. The best men to take in default of Alpine porters would, doubtless, be half-a-dozen of Major Bruce's trained Goorkhas.

Now, as to the season for such an attempt, I believe the end of September to be as good as any. It was our ill-luck that we had a snowstorm of altogether exceptional violence a month before it was due. But anyone who goes with the highest ambitions would, I believe, give himself the best chance by starting boldly in the rains, taking advantage of the short fine spells that intervene in them, and being on the spot the moment they ceased. In this I agree with Mr. White, who has more experience as a pedestrian in Sikkim than any other European. The rains, it must be noted, are not nearly so bad north of Kanchinjanga as they are at Darjeeling. We



JANNU, FROM NEAR KAMBACHEN.



constantly saw Darjeeling wrapt in vapour when the snows were clear.

The name Kanchinjinga is said to signify *the five reservoirs of snow*, and, in fact, there are five enormous trunk glaciers which fill the hollows between its ridges. The glaciers, owing, no doubt, to the steepness of the range and to the rapid disintegration caused by the extremes of heat and cold, bring down very large moraines, and the chief blot on the mountain scenery is that the lower ice streams too often remind one of the Zmutt Glacier. Their surface swells and falls in vast undulations; pools fill the hollows; crevasses are comparatively rare. The higher névés are rent and splintered, as in the Alps; but, speaking generally, the Sikkim glaciers are less split by deep crevasses and more broken by surface inequalities than those of the Alps. The upper icefalls are perfect mazes of blocks and towers; the trunk ice streams are a confusion of stony, mud-cloaked heights and hollows, often filled with water. A rope is comparatively seldom requisite. On the peaks themselves the steep surfaces are fluted by tiny avalanches, as in the Caucasus; the ridges are heavily corniced. There is abundant evidence of a retreat of the glaciers. The Kanchinjinga Glacier once extended beyond Ghunza, some fifteen miles below its present end; the whole of the Jongri pastures were once covered by glaciers. In Lhonakh we noticed an enormous bed of an extinct glacier. Its feeding ground was comparatively low (19,000ft.-20,000ft.), and it consequently perished when the climate improved. As in the Caucasus, the ice is much in the habit of leaving long grassy alleys enclosed between the moraines and the mountain-side, which are a great convenience to the explorer. I saw no trace of lake basins excavated by ice, but a great many formidable embankments elevated by that agency (of these the Jannu Glacier is the most remarkable) and a certain number of morainic lakes.



THE BRIDGE BELOW YOKSUN.

I cannot here enter at any length into the vexed question generally, if inaccurately, implied in the phrase "rarity of the air"; I will only point out what bearing our journey had on it. It would have been easier and more satisfactory to give the results had we not had to encounter heavy fresh snow from the outset. I will speak first for myself. We were, I believe, the first travellers to take a party of over fifty men, most of them carrying loads varying from 15lb. to 40lb., over a pass of above 21,000ft., sleeping twice at close upon 20,000ft. I felt intermittently slack while we were above 15,000ft., and on reaching the foot of the final ascent (21,000ft.), after wading over a long plain of snow, followed by a short gentle slope, was completely out of breath. After a meal I found the ascent of some 500ft. to the pass, partly over rock, less fatiguing; and on the top, in

the excitement of the discussion that ensued, I lost the sense of exhaustion, and it did not return.

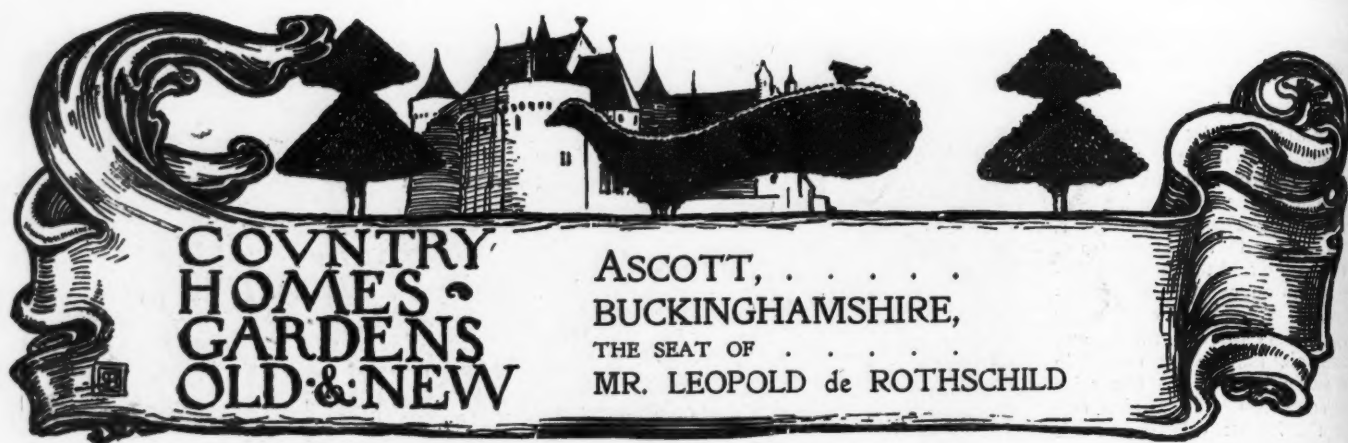
Mr. Garwood suffered most during the first few days we were above 15,000ft. and least on the 21,000ft. pass. Mr. Dover ran about as if he had been at sea-level. The only effect of altitude on him was to make him eat an extra meal, and consequently gain 6lb. in weight during the journey.

Some of our men—I should say about 20 per cent.—showed manifest signs of distress, first by dawdling behind, secondly by halting perpetually; but the remainder came with their loads up the last ascent very steadily. The crest itself was a snow-wave, with an incipient crevasse at its base, which, even after it was broken through, called for a long step to surmount it. I watched the men over this, and they did not show any signs of weakness or failure to make easily the requisite extra exertion. At lesser heights—e.g., on the 17,000ft. and the 19,000ft. passes—we walked, I think, pretty much as we should in the Alps, 4,000ft. lower.

At the end of our tour, on a rock the height of Mont Blanc, there was no perceptible slackening of energy.



A COLONY OF MOUNTAIN FLOWERS.



**A**SCOTT is a charming house, surrounded with gardens of rare beauty, and scenery so picturesque and grateful, that we are in no degree surprised that Mr. Rothschild selected this pleasant country for his residence. To many his name is more closely associated with Gunnersbury, a place of many memories, and a comfortable drive from London. Here the late Baroness Rothschild made her home, and the gardens, with those of the adjoining residence, Gunnersbury House, now all one estate, are maintained in the same lavish way as those of Ascott. At Gunnersbury the water-lilies form a feature of much interest. In the quiet lake a rare collection is grown, which we shall consider in a separate article, of interest especially for its description of these glorious flowers of the water's surface.

The house at Ascott is thoroughly home-like and comfortable—our illustrations clearly show its general character—with a growth of creepers so dense and refreshing, that even in a land of creeper-clad houses their vigour is conspicuous. It is set in woodland, so to speak, and is delightfully placed, with the broad grass terraces facing it, and masses of flowers to colour the scenery. It is difficult to fix the mind upon any one spot at

Ascott and declare it to be the most delightful. At every turn almost our interest is deepened, and the gardens present, certainly, a blend of the formal with the natural. The desire has been to create a garden of no one style, and the result, as our illustrations reveal, is happy. Quaintly-clipped yews—cut into shapes that those who revile topiary work consider a form of shrub slaughter—are placed amidst surroundings that harmonise with their distinctive forms; and where else are the golden yews denser, healthier, or more golden in colour? During the summer months, Ascott, more than perhaps at any other season, is a garden of colour. Trees and shrubs of good kinds have been artistically planted, and their rich variety makes a few hours spent amongst them pleasurable and profitable. It may be said that golden-leaved shrubs are a conspicuous feature, and as their selection has been a matter of careful consideration, the result is foliage of a true golden colour, not that blotchy mixture which never satisfies, and spoils good effects. The golden yews are planted as single specimens, groups, or hedges, and there is little variety of colour, which shows that the utmost care has been taken to secure well-marked forms.

This is important. Makers of gardens who wish to use







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GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—ASCOTT: FROM THE DUTCH GARDEN.

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A FRONT VIEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

coloured leaved trees, shrubs, or plants, should remember that good and bad forms are more pronounced amongst these than in groups of things with leafage of the normal green. Sometimes the change in colour is due to soil and climate, but generally to the fact that the correct kind was not obtained from the nursery.

There is a boldness in the design of the gardens at Ascott which is worthy of record. Although a blend of two distinct styles is seen, nothing finicking irritates the visitor who loves

simplicity in all things. The illustration of the end view of the house shows this—the bold, high shrub hedge, simple flower-beds, and curiously-cut yew, a quaint mixture, with a broad path in front, clipped shrubs again, and then the stretches of grass, which are a grateful and beautiful feature. Grass clothes the gentle terraces, winds amongst the shrubberies, and sets off the flower masses in the beds, a green framework to the groups of colour from leafy shrubs, perennials, and exotics, put out to gild the summer and early autumn. How quaint is the "living sundial" upon the



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GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—ASCOTT: A FINE EFFECT OF SHRUBS AND TREES.

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AN EVERGREEN SUNDIAL.

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grass near the slope leading from the fountain, thrown into relief by the trees behind; and from the fountain group—with water playing gratefully on a hot summer day—the closely trimmed hedge, with flowers in front, carries the eye to the timbered house on the simple terrace. The sundial is a place from which to see the beauty of the gardens and the Madeira walk with its golden yew hedge, from which radiate other hedges as dense as a wall, and set off by the pillared yews of ordinary form, standing like sentinels guarding the entrances to the fountain garden.

Golden hollies, privet, arbor-vitæ, and other shrubs are developing into famous specimens; and we are not forgetful of the standard golden privets, several feet in height, and of very fine colour, so uniform and clear. They are placed amongst

shrubs with dark leafage, and the association of colour produces a telling picture. Such a garden as this, of course, gives ample scope to the man of taste, and there are few mistakes in associating things of pronounced character. Variegated maple, copper beech, silver variegated privet, are effectively planted, copper beech and maple in particular. Rare judgment is needful to produce such results as are shown at Ascott. When planting things of strong colour, it is essential to so group or associate the various kinds that no spotty, mosaic-like effect results from the mixtures. How carefully considered has been the work of preparation at Ascott the gardens at this time display, the trees and shrubs having now grown to considerable dimensions.

Of the flower gardening, apart from the trees and shrubs, it



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ARCHES OF ROSES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



is almost needless to write. One lesson we may learn, and that is the importance of grouping plants in such a way as to derive the full advantage of their colour. This bold massing of perennial and exotic bedding plants is well shown, and the result is a rare picture of colour, richer naturally in the summer—when the greenhouse and conservatory are made to help the outdoor garden—but interesting at all times, from the opening of the crocuses and daffodils until the winter, when the shrub colours are as brilliant as the flowers of the preceding seasons.

Our illustrations show Mr. Rothschild's love for water plants and those that are happy in boggy soils. We have referred briefly to the nymphæas in the quiet lake at Gunnersbury, and at Ascott, too, there is a water garden filled with nymphæas, and surrounded with the big-leaved gunnera, with Japan irises and other flowers at the edge of the pool. The water garden has formed a pleasant retreat during the recent brilliant weather; it is cool and comforting, and in the full sun the nymphæas open out wide to make rich harmonies of colour with surrounding foliage. Roses perfume the air; and how rich is the collection—tea-scented, China, hybrid perpetuals, and other groups, planted in beds, or garlanding the arches leading to the lake. The rose has ever been used as a climber, but we never remember freer masses of it than those at Ascott, where many kinds tumble over the arches and form a walk of flowers in the summer days.

It is indeed difficult to keep our notes within bounds when writing of a place in which gardening is so earnestly carried out, not in the flower-beds merely, nor in the woodland, but under glass also, where orchids, exotics of many kinds, and carnations

are grown to perfection. The carnations, Malmaisons in particular, are magnificent in their season, but no one plant is grown, as in some places, to the exclusion of everything else.

Ascott is a garden of many parts, and its interest increases as the years speed on, for each year some new feature is added or enlarged. A rock garden has been formed for the growth of flowers of the Alpine meadows and mountains, and this, with the water garden, represents the less formal aspect of the gardens with their golden-leaved shrubs, rare perennials, and admirably kept quarters where the homely esculents and fruits are grown to add to the comforts of mankind.



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A PEEP AT THE ROSE GARDEN.

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THE END VIEW OF THE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

We are gratified to know that Mr. Rothschild loves flowers for their own sake, not merely for the effect produced in the landscape, and this desire for gardening knowledge is happily developing with no uncertainty amongst those who have gardens, in which they are enabled to grow the treasures not merely of our own land, but from countries over the seas.

## BOOKS OF . . . . . . THE DAY.

THE triad of country books to which attention is devoted this week all come from the same publishers, Messrs. Dent and Co., and two of them belong to that prettily-equipped Haddon Hall Library, which is, it may be hoped, attaining the success it deserves. The first of them, however, is not one of the series, but in the nature of a vastly improved guide book of "Hampshire, with the Isle of Wight," by George A. B. Dewar, John Vaughan, and others, with illustrations by J. A. Symington. Now, I know a great and a very busy man, the editor of one of our daily papers, who, when he returns to his home in the small hours of the morning, is wont to travel in the spirit, propping up Bradshaw, or it may be a volume of Mr. Murray's series, in front of him, as he eats his supper or breakfast, to refresh his memory and to stimulate his imagination; and I am myself a diligent, or rather a greedy, student of guide books, fully convinced that some of the best of them are, of their kind, unsurpassable. Such, for example, is the recent "Oxfordshire," in Mr. Murray's series. It would, therefore, have been a mistake for Messrs. Dent to project a new enterprise on the old lines, which are already occupied, but a new enterprise on novel and pleasant lines is a very different matter, and in planning this series Messrs. Dent and their editor, who appears to be content to remain anonymous, unless, indeed, he be Mr. Dewar himself, have certainly achieved the success which belongs to a fresh and a good scheme. Part I. in each volume consists of itineraries in characteristic districts, telling their story and describing their scenery. Part III. is a county gazetteer, with abundant cross-references to Part I. Part II., which gives to these volumes their special charm, consists of articles on the natural history and sport of the county, contributed by experts who have studied these subjects on the spot, together with a chapter expressly devoted to the needs of cyclists. Neither for Part I. nor for Part III. would it have been possible to find a better author than the author of "The Book of the Dry-fly" and "Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands." Nor, perhaps, could there be found a county more interesting than Hampshire from the point of view of either of those parts.



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### THE ROCK GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Over history I need not linger. It is enough to mention Winchester, Romsey, the Danish encampments, Titchborne, Hursley, Otterbourne, Basingstoke, Portsmouth, Silchester, and a dozen other places, the very names of which stir up a thousand memories. Then, when it is a matter of natural history and of sport, one remembers, even before Mr. Dewar and his coadjutors remind one of the facts, that Hampshire contains not only the New Forest, but also Wolmer Forest and Selborne Hanger; that Test, and Itchen, and Avon combine to make its fishing of the very finest in England; that the great chalk-pits scarring the edges of the Downs are rich in fossils; that the botanical wealth of the county is rich and varied; and that to the entomologist it offers the happiest of hunting grounds. The whole is treated sympathetically, gracefully, thoroughly, and I should dearly love to quote at length from Mr. Dewar's eloquent and scholarly pages. But space prohibits any yielding to that temptation, and, after all, perhaps the high compliment which Mr. Dewar has honestly earned may be paid as forcibly in another way. I who write spent six happy years at Winchester as a boy, six years devoted to life as a field naturalist of the boyish kind, with compulsory interludes of lessons, and I have stayed since, and that often, in the New Forest, and in the vicinity of Selborne. I cannot pretend to know the country so well as Mr. Dewar, but there are, perhaps, some little corners of it which I know a trifle better; and I have played some poaching tricks in it of which I am

sure so good a man never dreamed. And the result is that this guide book has exercised over me an intense fascination, for three reasons—it is complete; it is practical; it is written in admirable style. There is just one county which I know better than Hampshire, and I should dearly love to attempt to "do" it in the same way.

Now for the two Haddon Hall books. With the first it is possible to deal shortly, not by any means because it is not sound, but because it is on "Hunting," a subject of which we all know, or think that we know, something, and because it is by Mr. J. Otho Paget, whose name is a guarantee for sportsmanlike tone and thorough knowledge. But the main reason for brevity is that the next book of the series raises an important question in a very interesting way, and I want to talk a little on that question. Therefore, to the reader, I let Mr. Paget speak for himself, telling you why he loves hunting:

"Love of hunting is one of the strongest features in the character of the human race, and must have been transmitted to us by some remote ancestor. This love is not, however, inherited by all alike; in some it is entirely absent, others only have it in a mild form, whilst a few are so thoroughly impregnated



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### A CARRIAGE DRIVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



with it that it becomes the ruling passion of life. There must be many men who possess this curious instinct strongly, but who are condemned through circumstances to an office stool, and never see a hound all their lives. Denied its legitimate outlet, this hidden force finds a vent usually in lavishing affection on dogs and other animals. The instinct is occasionally inherited by certain families, but as a rule it is very wayward, cropping up in the character of individuals by whose breeding one would least expect it, and being entirely absent in the descendants of men who have possessed it fully. One brother may be an ardent hunter, and the other may hate the sight of a hound. Love of hunting is not often seen side by side with that commercial spirit which lays up for itself the riches of this world, though of course there may be exceptions to this as to every other rule. The man whose chief centre of interest is hunting and hounds will very seldom find time for the making of money. There will always be found plenty of sneaking Jacobs to take advantage of the easy-going sport-loving Esaus of this life.

"The cry of hounds appeals to something within us that we cannot define, and our first impulse is to follow. If we do not possess a horse, we follow on foot as fast and as far as we can; but we cannot explain why the music of the pack has suddenly created this mad desire. When hounds run through a village, it is a common sight to see the whole population, young men and maidens, old men and boys, all turn out, and with one accord begin to run. They know they will be left behind in the first field, but they never stop to think of that, and only blindly obey the dictates of the impulse which urges them on. My only explanation for this is that hunting is the natural recreation of man, as it is the best means of procuring fresh air and exercise."

And then, concerning this great sport, the author tells many useful things in the pleasantest possible way; tells me, indeed, ever so much more than I knew before, but nothing that I do not want to know; but there will be very few, even of the easy-going sport-loving Esaus, who will not find that these pages not only amuse but also instruct.

The next book in the series is of real importance. Dr. Nisbet, already known as the author of "British Forest Trees" and "Studies in Forestry," discourses on "Our Forests and Woodlands," and he has a gospel to preach. It is in effect capable of being put in the form of a syllogism something like this: "We import timber to the value of £18,000,000 or £19,000,000 yearly which we might very well grow for ourselves. Competition for that timber is growing rapidly, and prices will go up permanently. Therefore forestry on business principles must soon pay better than ever it has done since the changes consequent on the great revolution in communications and commerce effected by railways and steamships." In a word, his aim is in the main economic, and he distinctly proves, to my mind, that as a nation we are sadly neglectful of our forests. More than that, he shows in many cases, notably by reference to the beechwoods of Buckinghamshire, that poor land devoted to timber-growing does, as a matter of fact, pay far better even now than land of the same character used for agricultural purposes. Thus, "in the suit of Dashwood v. Magniac the estate books for over 100 years showed an annual income from those woods as 30s. per acre. They are situated on the tops of hills, on land which is really not suited for agriculture, and which, if it were ever broken up, would certainly not be worth 5s. an acre." Moreover, the book contains abundance of useful instruction, and enunciates a number of sound principles, by following which the yield of profitable timber could no doubt be greatly increased. In fact, in the main Dr. Nisbet is undoubtedly right, and his book may be recommended without reserve to all those who possess the opportunity of growing timber. There are few indeed who will not learn a great deal from it, especially on the thorny subjects of thinning, pruning, and regeneration. The worst of it is that the results of our traditional system of forestry, or no forestry, are not at once to be eradicated, and that it must always be many years before a sound system of forestry, established *de novo*, can begin to make returns. But the answer to this is that the existence of a great estate is continuous. So much for the main thesis; apart from that the book is clearly the work of a scholar, and, albeit intended to be instructive, is none the less interesting. It is a pity, however, that in one of his concluding chapters the author should have permitted irritation consequent upon the depredations of the rabbit to provoke him into the use of language on the subject of shooting so intemperate as to compel a gentle protest from his editors, the Marquess of Granby and Mr. Dewar. The rabbit, useful as he is to the sportsman, is an undeniable nuisance; he barks big trees, he plays the mischief with the ash-poles, he decimates (unfortunately in the vulgar and not in the true sense) the seedlings and the saplings. Undoubtedly, too, good forestry and good sport must occasionally come into collision, for it is not good for shooting that the wood-cutters should be at work in early winter. But this is no excuse for talking of the "wholesale slaughter of hand-fed pheasants and of driven grouse which now goes on," or for adding: "This may be good *Shooting*, but it is not *Sport*; because it is an essential condition of sport that fair 'law' must be given to the game, and this is not the case in battue shooting and grouse driving." This sentence very naturally provokes a protest from the editors, and, when you come to analyse it, it does not mean much, for the driven bird has far more "law" given to it than one which one walks up, or approaches with dogs—that is to say, it flies higher and faster, and is much harder to hit. All the same, this is a very sound book in other respects.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### HYBRID PERPETUAL ROSES AGAINST WALLS.

FEW would think of planting the Hybrid Perpetual Roses against walls. The usual practice of pruning them hard back every year to obtain a few large blooms should not deter one from giving them greater freedom and less pruning. In this, as in many other garden practices, the cottager can teach a lesson to those of supposed greater horticultural knowledge. In the summer the writer saw upon the housefront of a cottage two fine specimens, some 8ft. in height, of a Hybrid Perpetual Rose, apparently the variety Doctor Andry. They were covered with fine healthy growth. Now the question may arise, which kinds would be best for wall culture? and the answer is, all, except, perhaps, twelve of the weakest growers, such as Xavier Olibo. Even the moderate kinds of the Baroness Rothschild type are suitable. Naturally they would not cover so large a surface as the freer kinds, such as Duke of Edinburgh and Charles Lefebvre. Many admire dark Roses, but, unfortunately, the almost black varieties are inclined to burn. Has it ever occurred to anyone to grow Prince Camille de Rohan, Baron de Bonstetten, and other dark Roses upon north walls? If not, plant a few next autumn. Select strong plants, treat them well in the matter of soil, and in the spring cut them down to within 1ft. of the ground. During the summer fine long shoots will appear, from 4ft. to 6ft. in length, and the next spring they may be retained almost their full length. These fine growths will give plenty of beautiful Roses the second year. In future years, as the old growths show signs of exhaustion, cut them away immediately after flowering to make room for young wood. Timely searching for insect pests, and copious supplies of weak liquid manure when the buds are seen, will enable the grower to obtain a glorious display, for all the dark Roses are very sweet. How sweet would be a long wall covered alternately with crimson Hybrid Perpetual, and yellow Tea-scented of



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ASCOTT: A FINE FOUNTAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the Marie Van Houtte and Medea type, or some of the superb pink kinds, Mrs. J. Laing, Pride of Waltham, Mme. G. Luizet, etc., might be introduced to create variety.

### THE EDIBLE PASSION-FLOWER.

The writer has received a few fruits of the Edible Passion-flower (*Passiflora edulis*) from a garden where this plant is grown, much as is the vine, not for ornament, but for its deliciously piquant fruit, flavoured like a peach and melon mingled. A friend declared the other day that the first time he tasted Passion-flower fruit it almost killed him, but of course it was not this species, which was pronounced wholesome and agreeable. This Passion-flower is very rare. We believe the house in North Wales from whence the fruits came is the only one in these isles devoted to its culture. Seedlings give finer fruit in greater abundance than plants raised from cuttings. The plant bears so freely that sufficient to absolutely put an end to its existence in one year is produced, unless vigorous thinning is practised. The way to grow the plant is in a moderately warm house, in confined spaces, the soil poor, light, and well drained. When the fruit is set, liberal feeding and watering are resorted to. It is a native of South America, where we believe its culture is being undertaken, of course in the open, with a view to a sale of the fruits here.

### LAGERSTREEMIA INDICA.

This fine plant, introduced from China in 1816, was at one time more popular than at the present day. Many good things, we are afraid, are overlooked, and that means, of course, loss to our gardens. The Lagerstremia forms an interesting feature in the Mexican house at Kew, being profusely laden with its rosy pink flowers. It forms a freely-branched roundish-headed shrub, 6ft. in height. The flowers are borne in large terminal panicles, so freely that the whole of the upper part of the plant is a mass of rich pink; the petals are very "crispy." This Lagerstremia must attain a large size before flowering, which is probably the reason that we do not often meet with it. It may be planted out or grown in large pots or tubs, as is often done in the case of Myrtles, Oleanders, Oranges, Clethra arborea, etc. A period of partial rest during the

winter is necessary for a satisfactory crop of blossoms the following season. Those who are interested in tub-gardening might experiment with this plant. We believe the late Major Gaisford grew it in this form in his interesting garden at Offington, Worthing, and not merely in a tub, but in the open.

#### A NOTE ON FOXGLOVES.

A valued correspondent sends us the following interesting note: "These stately flowers deserve more attention than they usually receive. There are many beautiful purple, white, and other coloured varieties, but none more effective when grown in a mass, as Foxgloves ought always to be, than the common *purpurea*. The finest colony of it I ever saw was in Lord Petre's park near Brentwood, in Essex. The plants grew amongst and raised their noble spikes of flowers above the common bracken, the two subjects presenting an imposing picture. The rooting medium consisted entirely of leaf mould, in which the roots revelled. Foxgloves, if planted in shady borders, the wild or rock garden, so in multiply if a sufficient depth of leafy soil be afforded them. They also look well four or five in a group amongst hardy plants, but Foxgloves singly are comparatively ineffective. The flowers look charming arranged thinly in tall vases with a few of their own leaves, and last some time if the water is changed. The seed should be sown in May, either in a frame or warm position out of doors. Some leaf mould and coarse sand or road grit should be dug into the seed-bed, and the seed sown thinly, in drills 1 in. in depth. The seedlings must be well thinned out as soon as they can be handled, and if mulched and well watered they will be fit to transplant at the end of July. Lift them carefully with a trowel so as to ensure a good ball of soil to the roots, water and mulch them, and they will then take care of themselves. Foxgloves may be sown where they are to flower, but as a rule the above method is the best. The best varieties are *purpurea grandiflora*, remarkable for its bold spikes and the size of the individual blossoms, *purpurea alba*, *lutea grandiflora*—yellow flowers, distinct and beautiful, and *Veitch's grandiflora*, immense flowers, white, heavily spotted with violet purple."

#### A SUMMER FLOWERING HORSE-CHESTNUT.

Not many of our readers, we think, have heard of the rare Indian Horse-chestnut (*Esculus indica*); it is a very beautiful species, but unfortunately neither so hardy nor robust in growth as one could desire. In many places, however, in England and Ireland it could be successfully grown, especially in those favoured spots near the sea coast where the climate is so mild that quite another kind of vegetation exists. Mr. Bean, who has care of the Arboretum in the Royal Gardens, wrote a note recently about this tree in the *Garden*, and his impressions are worth recording. He there mentions that it flowered in England "as long ago as 1858 at Mildenhall, in Suffolk, and was figured in the *Botanical Magazine*, but since then little notice appears to have been taken of it. I have not seen it, nor heard of its being grown, in the Cornwall gardens, but it is there, or, indeed, in any locality where the Himalayan *Rhododendrons* thrive well, that it might be expected to attain its greatest beauty in Britain. It

flowered at Kew in 1897, and again this summer, but in each case the plants were too small and too young to show the true character of the species. Sir Joseph Hooker, during his Himalayan travels fifty years ago, saw it loaded with its white racemes, and equal in beauty to the common Horse-chestnut of English parks. Its foliage is quite distinct from that of the other species, the leaflets numbering seven or nine, and being of a dark glossy green. In the other Horse-chestnuts the leaflets are usually only five to each leaf, and never more than seven. The racemes of this Indian species are about 8 in. long, the flowers being white, with blotches of yellow and red at the base of the petals. On the Himalaya the tree reaches a height of 70 ft., with a trunk 3 ft. through."

#### THE CATALPAS.

Many flowering trees and shrubs are blooming with remarkable freedom this year, owing unquestionably to the dryness of the past two autumns, which has resulted in unusually well ripened wood. By many a river-side retreat the Catalpas have attracted more than passing notice. It is not often that the trees are so laden with their Horse-chestnut-like flowers, and the moist soil of river bank and lawn is almost necessary to a healthy growth. The chief species is *C. bignonioides*, which makes a delightful lawn tree, spreading in growth, with ample light green leaves, and at this season a profusion of flower spikes, the individual flowers white with a speckling of purple. *Syringefolia* is another name for this charming lawn tree. *Aurea* is a very richly-coloured variety. Of the whole race, *bignonioides* is the most important. Even in the surroundings of large towns the Catalpa will succeed, and in the heart of London it is a success.

#### PENTSTEMONS.

The writer grows these in abundance. At first glance the garden might be called a Pentstemon garden; but nothing towards the autumn is so free, graceful, and altogether bright as the Pentstemon when a good series is obtained. We believe that named varieties or hybrids have almost ceased to exist, and the reason is that so many beautiful forms are obtained from seed, the seedlings, when the seed is obtained from a thoroughly good strain, giving flowers of big bell-like form and many colours. In our strain—it is called a strain, because that is the usual designation of a number of varieties of almost equal beauty in form and colour—some of the flowers have white throat with margin of pink or purple, others are almost self, and the series comprises white, maroon, softest peach, and tints as delicate as those upon the Tea Rose. The plants rarely fail, even in gardens near large towns such as London, and they continue for many weeks; but hardly they are not, a severe winter killing every one, even when given some shelter. Protection, however, is unnecessary, because it is quite easy to raise the seedlings, either by sowing the seed in June in shallow pans in a cold frame and wintering them there, or in gentle heat in January, when the seedlings will flower the same autumn. When any variety appeals especially to one, the proper course is to take cuttings of it. These may be struck by inserting half-ripened shoots in shallow pans in the autumn, keeping them in a cold frame in the winter, and planting them out in the following April.



"ROCKY MOUNTAIN goat we did not as a rule trouble to go after, but one day my brother and the packer shot Two Mountain Goats, each killing one. The old billy goats have a very poor, hard coat in the summer, and hardly any beard. They are not nearly

so wild or wary as mountain sheep; but the very nature of the ground which they prefer to live on makes it a matter of difficulty to get near them. They live high up all the year round. In South-West Alaska I have seen them where it was simply impossible to get near them. Moreover, the Indians, who will kill and eat anything, constantly hunt them, and keep them wild. As early as the middle of August we had very hard frosts at night. One whole day and night it snowed hard. The



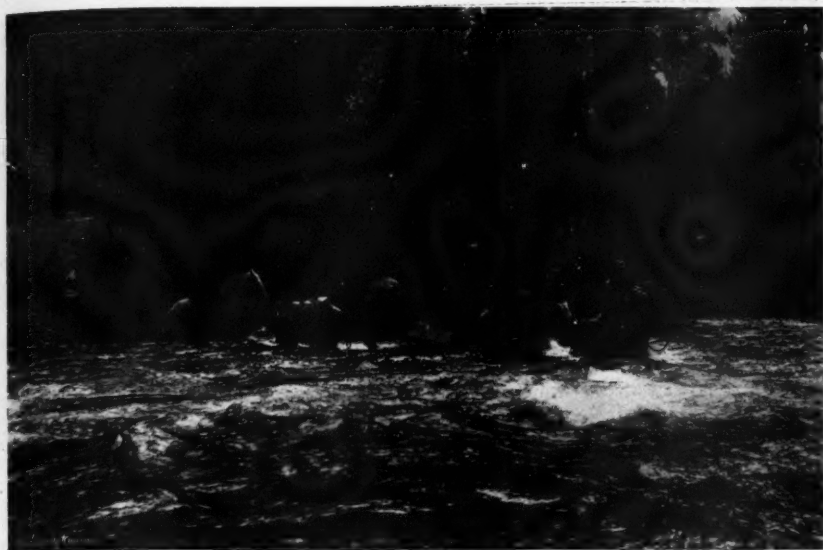
TWO MOUNTAIN GOATS.

picture of CROSSING THE PAYETTE RIVER shows the quiet businesslike way in which pack-horses and those which are ridden face any natural obstacle, whether as in the first they are fording unknown waters, or coming out at NATURE'S LANDING-PLACE. When the packs are taken off they are all hobbled and turned

loose. The mare has a bell put on, and becomes what the *mère vache* is to the Swiss cattle and the bell wether was to the English flocks. As a rule all the other horses will be found feeding near the one with the bell on.

"Two years before this I had found a small band of wapiti in the mountains. It was a piece of ill-luck I had not counted on to find that the whole surviving herd had been 'shot out' by skin-hunters, and the meat sold to a mine. That is how the last





CROSSING THE PAYETTE RIVER.

of the big game disappears on a continent. Fair sport never destroys it, while skin-hunting and meat-hunting are nearly always fatal. My brother saw one large wapiti bull one evening, but his horns were in velvet and he did not molest him. We shot several fine mule-deer buck, and found some places in the mountains where they were evidently not hunted, for they were very plentiful and not in the least wild. It is astonishing to see what high, rough country the old bucks will live in during the summer. We actually saw them at altitudes where mountain sheep range. When the snow comes all these bucks make a vertical migration, and work down into the low ground where the does live. The rutting season is in October.

"The photograph of the Middle Fork Salmon River shows ground which holds deer, a few sheep, and which is cut by a beautiful swirling river, full at this point of big trout. To get to the 'back of beyond' in these mountains the handy, mobile, self-contained pack-horse is indispensable. By no other means could food and equipment be taken through such primeval country. Those who feel attracted by the prospect had best reach the mountains by the middle of August. This does not leave much time, for it is absolutely necessary to be clear of them by the middle of October, when the snow falls and makes movements impossible. Sometimes the snow 'begins to blow' earlier than this, when hunters have to pull out in a hurry.

"The great art of making and maintaining a successful

pack train is not to take a quantity of unnecessary luxuries, like canned fruit, and such rubbish. The fresh air, fresh fish, and fresh venison are ample to keep everyone in health and free from anything like scurvy. What one really wants are things which are dry and portable. These are dried fruits (apricots, peaches, and prunes, which will expand and become soft and juicy when cooked with water), rice, pearl barley, coffee, tea, chocolate, sugar, beans, a few sides of bacon, a Dutch oven, and, the most important of all, flour and salt. Salt, besides being needed to make anything cooked in the meat line palatable, is wanted to preserve and dry meat in quantities of several pounds at a time. It never does to run short of it. If a man, with fish and game, cannot live on the above as his staple food for a few weeks, he had better keep out of the mountains. As for weights, a horse's pack should never weigh above 200lb. for an expedition of the kind I speak of. Mule trains, packing ore out of the mines, will carry 300lb. per animal; but that is a different story. As to rifles, most people have their own fancy. One man swears by the old rifle, and another by the new. But in any case it is worth

remembering that most of the game killed in the year is shot within 100yds."

As our readers number a large proportion of American



NATURE'S LANDING-PLACE.

sportsmen, it is, perhaps, not amiss to add a word or two to Mr. Nelson's brief comments on the destruction of big game in the magnificent country into which he has taken us for a second time in the narrative here concluded. The United States as a nation have decided to keep all their forests, and a great part of their lakes and wild country, for the use of the public for ever. By use they mean something more than the freedom to walk about and go where you please. They preserve the game, employing state "game wardens," and they not only preserve the fish in the rivers for public sport, but also restock them annually by the state-paid "Fish Commission." Unfortunately, or fortunately, for there are two sides to the question, the state legislatures are independent of the Federal Government in regard to the forest lands. Each state makes its own rules for close time and for game protection, though not, we believe, for the control of the fisheries. Naturally the most distant and wild states, in which game is most plentiful and where skin-hunting and other abominations flourish, are the last to exact and enforce game laws and close seasons. They have less money, and, being sparsely settled, the prevention of unfair shooting is difficult.

But as Oregon has lately passed a pretty strict game law, limiting the amount of animals killed per gun, it seems a thousand pities that a state asset of such great future value to the pleasure and health of the nation, a value fully



A BLACK BEAR.

recognised by Congress and by several state legislatures, should be allowed to be destroyed in Idaho for want of looking after. Of course, the presence of Indians always makes it difficult to preserve game. But for the moment the Indians are fairly under control, and are said to be earning so much money by "packing" goods to the mines that they have not much time for hunting.

The change is certain to come in the Far West as in the East. Virginian deer, for instance, have enjoyed a close time since the days of the English rule; and there are now very strict laws for the preservation and limitation of shooting both moose and deer in Maine and elsewhere. How near the extinction of the mountain sheep and wapiti is, is proved by a communication which has just reached us from one of the best practical authorities on the subject in New York. Every effort is being made, he says, to transplant these animals, with others of the Western species, from the ill-protected Rocky Mountains to the properly-protected forests and mountains of the Atlantic side. But, unfortunately, the animals greatly prefer their own hills and pastures, and so far the experiments have not been successful.



A BLACK DEER.

## NOTES FROM THE WEST COUNTRY.

EVERY man who goes to hunt the wild deer is confronted by the problem, what horse shall I ride? If, moreover, he asks the advice of his friends, he will be told to hire or buy a horse used to the country, or to take his own with him, or to use his polo ponies. For my part, I believe a good horse is a good horse anywhere, but I like a good young horse in Leicestershire, and a good old one on the moor.

I like an old horse because he knows how to take care of himself in difficult ground, or he probably would not be an old horse, and because he is able to stand the long days. Of course, he must not have short shoulders and must have a deep girth; but then he would not be a good horse if he had the one or had not the other. But the horse that is a little too knowing for Leicestershire, a little given, it may be, to chance binders and to break top rails, will shine on Exmoor, where we want a horse to gallop and not to jump and to go on. But the Exmoor horse must not be slow; the great secret of living through a long run with staghounds is to be always going an even pace. It is spurts and dashes that take it out of a horse. Lastly, the rider must be in good condition, and a season's polo or cricket is no bad preparation for a month or six weeks on Exmoor. There has seldom been a more propitious opening than has come to us this year. There was a week of rain before Cloutsham ball, which diminished the picnic element and improved the scent. Though a good run took place, it was one that many could see, as it was neither straight nor extraordinarily fast. Hounds ran well, but then there were checks which enabled a good many people to get up at last. I counted 110 at the finish, and I daresay there were more. Each season Mr. Sanders seems to me to get a better pack. It is true that they are drafts, but then the Devon and Somerset take big dog hounds of 25in. This is over the standard of some of our best kennels, and, therefore, however good a hound is, if he be over 24in., he has no chance of being put on at Belvoir or Badminton. It is a most difficult matter to select a pack from drafts, and it requires more judgment in Master and huntsman than to breed good puppies. The main lines of foxhound blood are so well known, and their hereditary qualities of nose or tongue and constitution so well established, that it is always possible to breed intelligently. But with draft hounds the eye alone is your guide, and we may find that the chosen hound will not work with strange companions, refuses to pack with the rest, or does not take to the work. Hounds bred in a kennel naturally pack better together than strangers. It is well for a moment to dwell on these points, because many people seem to take sport on Exmoor so much as a matter of course, that they hardly realise the difficulties and expenses of our Master. To see Anthony Huxtable looking so fit and well is pleasant too. But this is enough of a preface, and we have not even begun to tuft. Let us suppose that these reflections took place at Hawkcombe, where the tuft was long and the resulting sport indifferent.

On Monday the heat was tropical; the Devonshire hills were shrouded in haze, and, though I made an early start, the air was thick and oppressive. In fact, it looked as little like a day for sport as any day could look. But we jogged on. No one can be a successful sportsman in whose heart hope does not spring eternal even in the most depressing circumstances.

When we arrived at the meeting-place the news was cheering. Four good stags had been seen feeding in the open, and Goss had actually seen them in the early grey trot quietly off to Monkham Wood. There they still were. In spite of the heat there was a scent, and the tufters' notes rang up with that eager insistence that tells of an undoubted scent. Of the four deer three went away, and the tufters settled down to one stag, a very heavy one too. When at last he was driven out we saw him to be a grand stag, with three atop both sides. He saw us, and the big animal melted mysteriously back into the wood, even at that short distance hazy with the heat. The voice of a single hound rang out. Then the stag left the intricate recesses of Slowly, through a plantation, and then he was seen toiling up the steep sides of Leatherbarrow. All of us were refreshed by the cool breeze from the sea which swept over this height. So we galloped on, hounds flashing on ahead. "They've fresh found him," said an old hand, and there was a crash of music from a small wood. The stag, now weary with the chase and the heat, was but just in front of hounds as he dashed down the hill to Withiel Pond. Here I expected he would take soil,

but hounds were so close that he could not do so. We got into some awkward enclosures, and, but for a kindly pilot, I should have seen no more. As it was, I was further behind than I liked, but it would not do to bucket the good horse on such a day. The muddy bottom here seemed to point to the approaching end. It was rough work scrambling about by Holworthy, and we had enough to do to look after ourselves and horses. Then the stag dropped in an orchard, and hounds, now running eagerly for blood, flashed over him, and viewed a hind just beyond. Tucker was round them very quickly. It is a lesson in hunting to see him stop hounds in this rough country, and the pack was streaming down to Anthony's horn. The last move had been played, and this grand stag was set up and the mort sounded. Some of us had had quite enough. My old horse had had sufficient, the hot day and the extra work occasioned by want of accurate knowledge of the country on the part of his rider being hard on him.

So far as a large number of us were concerned, Wednesday was a disappointing day. There was a run, and, so far as I have been able to gather since, a very good one. The chase was brought to a close only by darkness. No doubt the thing to do is to have a pony out and trot about on such days seeing what you can without interfering with the work of tufting, while your horse waits with the pack, but, if this is not practicable, then you must sit and hope for the best, and find some consolation in good scenery and tobacco. Those who were able to remain were rewarded. It is always foolish to give up hope with staghounds unless indeed prudence obliges us to start for home before the fun begins. In the coverts, and particularly in Culbaine plantations, scent had been bad, and it was some consolation to think of this as one rode home. But, in fact, as one of the happy few said, "no sooner did hounds hit the line on the heather than with a short burst of music they stretched out to run." It was easy work, too, for us, for the chase ran parallel to the coach road. In Glenthorne we got into very rough ground, and I pulled up, but hounds ran on, stopped at last, just on the borders of the moor, by thickening darkness.

A good week's sport, including the many varieties of country, scent, and fortune which belong to the chase of the wild red deer.

Just a word of the prospects of Leicestershire. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Mr. Leonard and Lady Violet Brassey, the Prince and Princess Demidoff, have all taken houses, and last, but not least, Lady Warwick is to be the occupier of Craven Lodge.

Sir Everard Cayley is forming a new pack to hunt Captain Johnstone's late country, near Scarborough.

X.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

IN the mid-August issue of the *Labour Gazette* the following is the summary about farm-work: "Agricultural labourers were generally very fully employed during the month of July at haymaking and hoeing roots. At the end of the month in many districts corn harvest commenced. The weather was generally very dry and hot, and most favourable for outdoor employment. A number of employers state that there was a difficulty in getting sufficient men for hay harvest and root hoeing, but that the light hay crop and the fine weather enabled them, with the aid of machinery, to get the harvest over with a comparatively small expenditure of labour." From a perusal of the reports themselves, our impression is that the writer of the foregoing paragraph scarcely does justice to the situation in which employers find themselves. The *Labour Gazette* is almost exclusively devoted to labour, and its correspondents are usually satisfied when they can report that nobody is out of work.

A few extracts from the local reports printed in the same number of the journal will make clear what we mean. In Westmoreland and North Lancashire farmers are "very short of hands," even though "the rates of wages paid were 35s. to 40s. a week, all found." In Durham "extra men cannot be got even at very high wages," and round Chester-le-Street from 6d. to 1s. a day more than last year's wages is paid, and men are still scarce. From the Midland Counties



comes the same tale. English labourers in Notts and Derby are scarcer than they were this time last year, and Irish labourers are making as much as £1 a week and their board. From many districts we hear that hoeing and weeding have had to be dispensed with owing to the difficulty of finding men. Under the circumstances it must be admitted that the fine weather arrived very luckily; had it not come, a prolonged harvest and the difficulty in obtaining hands would have made the situation a serious one.

The first samples of English wheat from the present year's harvest appeared in Mark Lane on August 17th. They seemed of fair quality, and one small lot changed hands at 30s. 6d. per quarter in a dull market. At present there is very little inclination to do business on either side. Buyers are thinking of the hot weather, and expecting that it will do as much to improve the corn harvest as it did for the hay. In consequence provincial markets are dull and depressed, American prices are falling, and business in Mark Lane has been of a very slack description, though the prices quoted are still about 4s. a quarter more than those that prevailed at the same period last year.

There is much that is interesting in the paper which Mr. George Munro contributes to the new number of the *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society*. He says that when he went into the trade in 1871, "there were only three fruiterers in the city, although several others used to take shops for two or three months only, commencing at the end of June, to sell strawberries, and keeping open as long as they could get anything to sell." In the West End it was the same. "There were only one or two firms who attempted to do a fruit trade in the West End apart from greengrocery, and one of these was Messrs. Mart and Co., Oxford Street, and they did it in conjunction with their wine trade." He produces some curious facts to show the development of the trade. "In the week before last Christmas has our firm alone sold 34 tons of winter grapes, and that total does not include any coming from the Channel Islands or Belgium." To show what an influence the new demand for fruit has exercised over many departments of industry, he instances "one place in which nothing but grapes, tomatoes, and cucumbers are grown," that has 25½ miles of hot-water piping, besides boilers and fittings. Then again, so many workmen are employed in these gigantic fruit enterprises that rows of cottages have been built to accommodate them, and one enterprising firm has found it worth while to build an institute, with mess-rooms and cubicles attached wherein to board the young men.

Probably the fruit crop would have been the finest on record this year but for the terrific gale on Bank Holiday. "After it," writes one of our correspondents, "the surface of the orchards was thickly strewn with apples, pears, and plums, and where animals were pastured the windfalls quickly disappeared. All four-footed stock like fruit." Nothing much better could be done with it, as it was too green for cider, and the jam-makers offered a price per ton that made it scarcely worth while to gather and cart the fruit. Our correspondent adds that even after this destructive hurricane the fruit crop promises to be an unusually heavy one, though owing to the many long periods in which there has been little or no sunshine it is doubtful if the quality will be of the highest class.

As soon as he gets his fields cleared of the harvest it is a great part of the farmer's business in our economical day to sow his catch-crops for winter feeding. Among those to be recommended as particularly suitable to wheat fields are mustard, the common vetch, trifolium, winter barley, and rye. No time should be lost in preparing the seed-beds, as of course it is a great object to have a continuous succession of these crops. Sowings ought to be begun now, and continued till well on in October.

As far as can yet be ascertained, the return of honey this year is considerably below the average. We have had a vast quantity of bloom of one kind and another, but it has invariably happened, at least in the South of England, that had blight weather followed its appearance. In particular, the return from sainfoin, one of the most important of the year, was spoiled in that way. The lime season, owing to the great July heat and the very small amount of moisture in the atmosphere, proved unusually short. Near moorlands and mountains, that is to say, in Wales, Yorkshire with the other Northern Counties, and Scotland, there is, of course, a later harvest from the heather. It is too soon to obtain reports of it yet, but as far as appearances go it should be a large one.

It is regretted that in our article on the Tring Show last week the names of the red shorthorn Cherry and of Florence, who is not a red cow, were accidentally transposed.



THE *New York Critic* announces with much solemnity that "Elizabeth" is no other than Princess Henry of Pless, and "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" and "A Solitary Summer" are both of them her work. This statement the *New York* paper goes on to support by the following argument, of which the *Academy* makes cruel sport:

"It would be superfluous to say that the Princess Henry is clever. One need only read her books to be convinced of that. They strike a new note in literature, and one that rings strong and true. For a young woman without any special training to master such a delightful literary style is certainly remarkable. Such books as the 'German Garden' make life worth living." On this principle one might just as well say that the Duke of Westminster wrote "The Compleat Bachelor" (Oliver Onions being a pseudonym), and then support the assertion by remarking that "The Compleat Bachelor" is strikingly clever in parts.

Now a caustic judge in the Court of Appeal once said to a confident young barrister who was trying to upset the judgment of another judge, to me in fact and years ago, a very true thing, "You must not assume, because every ground on which the learned judge based his decision was wrong, that he may not have been right by accident in the end." In like manner, although the argument of the *New York Critic*, as stated by the *Academy*, is absurd, Princess Henry may still have written the books. But it is in the last degree unlikely that she did anything of the kind, for the books, instinct with something approaching aversion to the great world, and with the love of peace as well as with the love

of Nature, are precisely what one would not expect from a brilliant woman of the great world, whose lace and figure are delightfully familiar at high social functions. It is conceivable, of course, that Princess Henry might be at once a literary and a social genius, her excellences in each kind being totally distinct in character, but it is not in the least likely. Besides, I think I know better, and that I have evidence to the contrary.

Some years ago I received a private letter from Princess Henry, touching a small journalistic service which I had been able to render to her. It was well-expressed, of course, for Princess Henry is a cultivated woman, but the handwriting was the large careless one of a woman of the great world upon whose time there are a thousand claims. Later I had occasion to enter into a short correspondence with her whom I have ventured to call Elizabeth through her publisher. In fact, it was desired, without seeking to penetrate her anonymity, or certainly to betray it if it were revealed, to secure some pictures of the world-famous but unknown garden for COUNTRY LIFE. The highly-gifted author answered at once, and with the utmost courtesy, subscribing herself as "The author of 'Elizabeth and Her German Garden.'" Her handwriting, beautifully regular and neat and full of character, was in complete harmony with the tone of her book, and as different from that of Princess Henry as a finished picture is from an impressionist sketch.

A few lines back mention was made of "The Compleat Bachelor," the first of the 2s. 6d. series of novels issued by Mr. Murray, a series in which the well-wishers of a house which has no enemies place great hopes. A preliminary word may now be said about "A Gift from the Grave," by Miss Edith Wharton, the second volume of the series. Firstly, it is a psychological work of quite remarkable cleverness and interest, containing far more than the usual allowance of sentences and phrases pregnant with meaning. But of that there will be an opportunity of writing later. Secondly, the binding of the series is at once pleasing, workmanlike, and pocketable. Thirdly, it begins with quite a pathetic note from the publisher. In the United States the story is already known as "The Touchstone"; but there is already another novel under that title in circulation. Mr. Murray therefore wrote to the author asking leave to call the book "The Touch of a Vanished Hand." The author, whom Mr. Murray's letter had not reached at once, since she was travelling in Italy, telegraphed suggesting yet another title, which had already been forestalled, and in the meanwhile Mr. Murray had discovered that his alternative title had also been forestalled. Thereupon, the sheets being already printed off and the author having given no address, Mr. Murray was compelled to invent a new title on the spur of the moment and on his own responsibility. Of this I need say no more than that it is absolutely appropriate, and that it shows such knowledge and appreciation of the book and its meaning as are rare among publishers.

Some weeks since I commented upon an extract from the prospectus of "Farmer's Public School Word Book," which extract I had taken from the *Academy*. Now, more than one reader has asked me who is to publish this book, and how it is to be got, and I am unable to give the answer. As the book is of a character to excite interest in a great many directions, there can hardly be anything wrong in asking any reader who happens to know to communicate with me.

I take the following passage, for the text of a sermon of the most terse description, from the *Daily News* of Tuesday: "Lord Rowton dined with the Queen on Sunday evening. Was there any question during his visit to Osborne, we wonder, concerning the publication of Lord Beaconsfield's memoirs? It is more than nineteen years since the death of Lord Beaconsfield. His papers were entrusted to Lord Rowton, who enjoyed the closest intimacy with a Prime Minister known intimately to few, and in the political caricature of his day represented as the Sphinx. What can be the reason that the Life of this remarkable man is so long delayed?" Our contemporary then goes on to suggest that it would be very interesting if the Life of Lord Beaconsfield and that of his great rival were to come out together. Of course it would, but there would have to be a great difference in the treatment. For a frank account of even Lord Beaconsfield's relations with his party and his friends, the time has hardly come, and still less has it arrived in the case of Mr. Gladstone. The fact is that our modern impatience spoils our memoirs of great men, except in those rare cases, like that of Cardinal Manning, in which the biographer is gloriously indiscreet. Meanwhile, if there are any who are inclined to blame Lord Rowton for delay, I venture to say that his time has been spent over work far more beneficial to humanity than all the books of biography that ever were written.

Books to order from the library:

- "Travels of Sir J. Mandeville." A. H. Pollard. (Macmillan.)
- "History of Surrey." H. E. Malden. (Stock.)
- "The Voice of the People." Ellen Glasgow. (Heinemann.)
- "The Chicamon Stone." Clive Philipps-Wolley. (Smith, Elder.)
- "The Gateless Barrier." Lucas Malet. (Methuen.) LOOKER-ON.

## ON THE GREEN.

THE coming of Taylor to America has manifestly caused no little stir in the golfing circles of the States, so continually do there appear accounts—sensational, even if not always strictly accurate—of the campaign that he is to undertake, of the matches that he is to play, of the business projects that he is to carry through. Meanwhile Vardon, assuredly the greatest man in golf in America before Taylor's coming, has been worsted in a three-ball match (himself against the "best ball" of two others) on a green whose name is unfamiliar to us—Poland Springs. But such ignorance, of course, argues ourselves only unknown. The names of his victors are Fenn and Findlay, and they won the match fairly comfortably. Of Taylor, the most interesting news is perhaps that he, in partnership, as at Winchester, with George Cann, is going to start a "golf factory" in the States. "Golf factory" sounds a big thing. It is not a little edifying to see the push, the enterprise, and the business ability shown by Taylor and Cann, both of them village boys of that little village of Northam in Devon, where Amyas Leigh was brought up. The golfing prowess of Taylor has no doubt been an invaluable advertisement for the firm; but it would never have brought its projects to such good results had it not conducted them on the sound lines that bring success. Another announcement that we have from America is that the editor of *Golf*—that is to say, of the American paper of that name—has engaged Taylor to go a tour of the links and write articles on them for the paper. No doubt we may

take that to mean that the editor has arranged that Taylor shall write a few articles for him about the links that he happens to visit. These are only different ways, perhaps, of saying the same thing, but the way of saying makes a good deal of difference. No doubt a golf factory in the States is rightly placed, for while we get most of our golfing wood from America, the Americans for a long time got by far the most of their finished golfing material from this country, after it had been made up. They are learning better now, and our makers are learning the better wisdom of making up the materials on the continent where they are grown, a plan that saves not only the carriage, but also the tariff rates of Mr. McKinley.

There has been a deal of golfing forward in the country, in spite of heat waves and the baked state of inland greens. The Blackheath people have concluded one of their summer competitions. It is notable that golf is becoming more of an all the year round game than it used to be. There is the oft quoted story of the English cynic saying that the Scotsmen knew just enough about golf,

if no more, to put away their clubs in the summer months. They used to know this much, but it would seem that they have forgotten it, for they play golf as assiduously in the summer as at any other time, and only in the frosty seasons, when "the roaring game" claims their attention, do they give golf a rest. The seasons too, at the great golfing resorts, such as St. Andrews and North Berwick, are stretching themselves, not only at the beginning, but also at the end. The way used to be, that most folks who were not resident went away from St. Andrews after the autumn medal meeting that is held on the last Wednesday in September. October was an empty month on the links. It is very far otherwise now. At North Berwick, too, the links were clear and the lodgings were cheap in October. Now the demand for room on the links and lodging in the town is nearly as great in October as any other month of the year, and the prices of all things keep up in proportion. It is all right and proper, no doubt, that golf should be so popular, but it was played more pleasantly by those who did play, when it was played less numerously.

## THE ANGLER IN ARRAN.

**I**F the angler, the amateur of the "contemplative man's recreation," will be content to take the greater part of his pleasure in contemplation, and the lesser in the fish that come to his angle, he may find worse places for his pursuit than the splendid island of Arran. It is a piece and factor of some of the grandest seascape and landscape in the world. In a small space it can boast a wonderful variety of natural beauty. There is the majesty of Goatfell, the gloomy grandeur of Glen Rosa, the moorland scenery—with heather more deep and more vivid than on the mainland—of the greater part of the island; there is the sylvan beauty of the woods about Brodick Castle, and in other glens of the island; there is cliff scenery on the southern side, whence you look to the Heads of Ayr and to Ailsa Crag, the gannets' home; there is the ocean in all its moods, tempestuous or placid, and there is the charm of the little burns going down the glens among the alders and the birches. There is lacking the impressive torrent of a great river—it is the sole feature that is wanting to make all perfect. It is as much as to say that there are no salmon. There are sea-trout—good sea-trout—in the burn that runs down by the duke's shooting-lodge of Dhugarry (heaven forbid that I should take responsibility for the spelling of the name), and good ones again in another burn running out on the island's western side, but these are preserved;



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

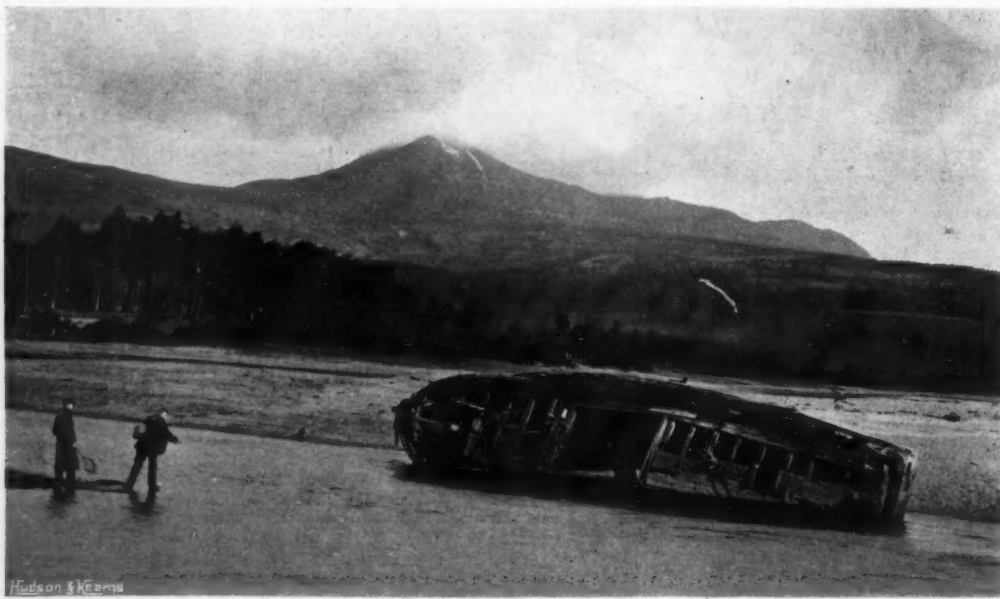
FINNOCK ON THE TAKE.

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and for the rest there are simple-minded little brown trout in the small burns, and finnock (the sea-trout's grilse) at the mouths of some of them. It is for these, if we may hazard a guess, that the gentle angler is fishing, as he makes a foreground object to a modest background of the distant Goatfell. Fine sport it is when you get FINNOCK ON THE TAKE, and the tide just at its right height. The old hulk in the second picture is a temporary feature that a few storms will scatter to all the "airs," but

GOATFELL IN THE DISTANCE is ever with you in your prospect of Arran, except when you get so close beneath him that his own foothills hide him. Climbing up his side, you will not fail to remark the tameness of all the birds—it is characteristic of all the West Coast Islands, of the grouse as of the small birds; the grouse, too, are of greater size than the mainland grouse—but the fish, unfortunately, are not equally confiding, nor equally plethoric. Perhaps the one quality is the reason of the other. The small brown trout are easy to take when the water is clearing—but where are they not?—and they are hardly worth the taking, though they fight gamely on light tackle. The "finnock" here, as everywhere, is the most exasperating of the *salmo irritans* variety, a foe to the contemplative mood.

Therefore, in Arran



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GOATFELL IN THE DISTANCE.

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generally, the contemplative man may satisfy his soul to the uttermost with the contemplation of Nature's aspects, of the grand or of the tender kind; but of the keener joys of angling Arran's burns give him little taste. But if sea-fishing content his angling soul, he may have satisfaction of that to the full. A month or two ago in COUNTRY LIFE there was record of some mighty sea-fishing done with the long line in the tideway that runs between the main island of Arran and the Holy Island. Besides this long-line fishing, in which the joy is centred in the few minutes of hauling up the line, there are other kinds of fishing, such as trolling for the lythe, or paternostering for the whiting, or whatever may be pleased to take the bait. There should be mackerel fishing on the surface, too, no doubt, at times; but to be there at the right moment for that pleasant pastime has not been the fortune of the present scribbler.

## GARDENER DAVID.

Vrom readin' Scripture well Oi knows  
Pzalmist 'e had na rest vrom voes;  
Vor po-or ole Dave gr-at pits they'd delve,  
An' then, dam loons, vall in theirselve.  
This iz ma readin' ov the Book,  
An' to ma self do mak' me look;  
Wi' dew respeck, Oi veel loike him,  
Tho' born bit later, deal more slim.  
Vor ev'ry day, wi' buzz an' hum,  
Into ma garden voes do come;  
The waspies starm ma gabled wall  
An' into t' trenches t' grub do crawl.  
The blackbird, sparrer, tit, an' thrush  
Do commandeer each curran' bush,  
While slugs into ma lettuce get  
An' out aga-in, like Maister Wet.  
Wi' greenfly zlimin' roun' ma roses,  
An' earwigs pokin' be-astly noses  
In dahlias vit vor Virst at Show,  
Oi ha' ma troubles, as yew may know;  
But Dave did circumvent the Devil,  
An' wi' ma insecks Oi get level,  
Lard! wi' what piety Oi welsh 'em,  
An' wi' ma boot rejoicin' squelch 'em!  
Zo, maister gets his dish o' peas,  
An' mum her roses, if yew please,  
But, lawks, they little know, Oi 'speck,  
What Oi've laid out in intellect;  
But Dave got little praise vrom man,  
An' as Oi ta-ake ma wat'rin'-can,  
Oi zays, zays Oi, next world wull show  
Who wuz tip-tappers here below.

HAROLD BEGIE.

## From the Pavilion.

**C**RICKET, as we all know, owes its charm largely to its variety, but it is not a little curious to note how the good or bad luck of a man or a side clings to him or it when opposing a particular side, or when playing on a particular ground. Thus the Taunton ground has often proved an unlucky one to Surrey, likewise to Middlesex. Abel has failed strangely and often against Hants, and is known to have no great partiality for Lord's, the ground on which Stoddart, F. G. J. Ford, and Warner are generally seen at their best, and where Hearn's bowling is usually more successful than elsewhere. The Oval is a perfect paradise for Abel and Hayward, yet the Notts batsmen can have no great love for it, for Richardson, at his best, and Lockwood seldom bowl better than when at home at Kennington. Similarly Trent Bridge was for many years a scene of evil omen for the Middlesex eleven, yet Surrey generally fares well there, while, *per contra*, Leicestershire has more than once led Surrey a pretty dance at the Oval. "W. G.," as is well known, can never get runs at Birmingham. What led to this train of thought was the remarkable success which has attended Hirst's batting against Gloucestershire, though the bowling of this county is not so particularly weak as to account for his three great scores of 111, 92, and 108, a performance which it would be hard to surpass. Last week he was also in great form against Middlesex, the bulk of the scoring in a game of small scores being left to him and Taylor. The match was an important one to Yorkshire, as the Middlesex men were not only in fine form, but had the additional advantage of being in a winning mood, having won five matches off the reel. Haigh, however, proved too much for them—indeed, there has been something heroic about the way in which Yorkshire has throughout the season always found someone "good at a need"; the county will be able to appropriate Tennyson's lines to itself, and quote 1900 as a year

"When every day brought forth a noble deed,  
And every deed brought forth a noble knight."

I have seen it stated that Rhodes is the best slow bowler that Yorkshire has ever produced, nor, even remembering the skill of Peate, Bates, and Peel, am I inclined to traverse the statement. Naturally his greatest successes are gained on slow and tricky wickets, but when they are true and fine the young left-hander, with that fine flowing action of his which always reminds me of

Peel, requires a lot of playing. Why is it, by the way, that left-handers always have a much easier delivery than their right-hander brethren? Why, too, do they so seldom get the hand as high? Few left-handed men, except, perhaps, Young of Essex, bowl with a really high delivery, the arm passing close to the ear. Perhaps anatomists could provide us with a reason.

It is always interesting to see how batsmen grab at their advantage when a spell of fine weather succeeds to a period in which bowlers have been making merry with stumps and bails. The end of last week was no exception to the rule, for the centuries came fast and free, to say nothing of less pretentious scores that ran into the sixties and seventies. There were, moreover, several "surprise" scores, scores made by men whose batting is held of no account, e.g., Tyler's 54, Huish's 78, and Stedman's 50; three men found the opportunity of making their first century in big cricket, *i.e.*, Ashcroft of Derbyshire, and Weldon of Worcestershire, while Dillon, the Rugby captain, made 108 in his first match of real note, and Russell (T.) made his first for this year, as did Grace, Quaife (W.), and Lowe, the latter being more famous in his Cambridge days as a bowler. The credit of the most dashing innings must go to Crawford of Surrey, whose driving was a sight for sore eyes, but Trott and Wells gave the Notts bowlers particular punishment. The longest innings of this period, however, goes to the credit of W. G. Quaife, who hit 223 runs off the Essex bowlers, carried his bat out in triumph, and was only six hours and a-half over the job. This was lightning speed for the diminutive striker. With big scores so fashionable, one may be allowed an expression of surprise at the failure of Essex and Notts with the bat and the comparative failure of Lancashire. Granting the excellent bowling respectively of Field and Hargreave, Wells and Trott, Lockwood and Lees, one may still draw the inference that thus late in the season, when men are getting stale, the winning of the toss is of even greater importance than earlier in the year, for all these three sides had had a stiff time in the field before batting fell to their share. As a converse to the big batting performances, it is but fair to recall some big bowling performances. Thus Wells had 6 for 37 against Notts, for whom Dench had already got 5 for 52; Braund had 6 Worcester wickets for 13 apiece, while Grace bowled *vis-a-vis*, securing but 3 for 126. Blythe, who is the "find" of the year among bowlers, settled 6 Gloucestershire men early in the week for 44 runs, which is the more curious as he failed utterly in the first innings, when Alec Hearn performed the hat-trick, and Bradley got 5 wickets for 50 runs. Trott followed up his 10-wicket feat against Somerset by taking 5 and 8 against Gloucestershire for 41 and 47 runs; all the 8 wickets were bowled, and he caught a man out, to boot. The Anglo-Australian, as the papers delight to call him, is proving fairly useful this month.

W. J. FORD.



**R**ACING of the past fortnight has been of most trifling interest, though there is no end to the number of holiday meetings, and when I write the word "interest," I mean, of course, permanent interest. We are on the eve, however, of better sport at York, and better still a fortnight later at Doncaster, though the St. Leger bids very fair to develop into a one-horse race now that it seems almost impossible to get Disguise II. ready in the time and Winifreda is under suspicion from having broken a blood vessel. It might so happen, all the same, that Diamond Jubilee will not be at the top of his form on the eventful day, and we have two precedents to go on in this matter. Persimmon won the Leger, it is true, but no one will contend that he was anywhere near his best on that day, when he was hunted home by Labrador in a fashion that seems marvellous to those of us who remember it and think what Labrador is now. Such reasoning, however, is apt to mislead, for Labrador was a pretty good horse that day, as he proved a little later on when he cut down Sir Visto and Marco at Newmarket. But then only think—Rampion was third to Persimmon in the Leger, and a really good colt would certainly have beaten him on that day. The other precedent to which I refer is that of Jeddah, who from being a Derby winner of more than average class, and maintaining the form at Ascot, degenerated into a mere dog horse by the Leger day, and was beaten by Wildfowler, who was not really in the same street with him had he been well. He was a very big colt, and did not stand the hammering on the hard ground throughout the season; indeed, he never at any time could act on hard ground. Jeddah and Persimmon were both trained at Egerton House, and so owners of possible opponents to Diamond Jubilee may take heart of grace and hope to catch him, too, off colour. It is somewhat of an off chance, however, for Diamond Jubilee is nothing like such a heavy horse as his brother, or Jeddah, and he has shown no symptom whatever of training stale, notwithstanding all his races of this season. It is all in his favour that he missed Ascot. The really most interesting race, however, at Doncaster will be that for the cup. La Roche, Merry Gal, and The Raft are entered, as well as good horses such as Osbeck, and there is every promise of the most sporting contest of the season, only, unfortunately, there is generally a lamentable difference between the entry for a cup and the actual field that goes out for it.

The coming week sees the gathering of the racing army at York, and here, too, it is understood we are to see La Roche, who is due to run for the Yorkshire Oaks, which she can hardly fail to win. There is no meeting which people enjoy more thoroughly than York, for here we have the benefit of old-time tradition and a class of attendants all thoroughly interested in sport, and to a very great extent understanding it. Some of the principal races, such as the Great Yorkshire Stakes, are not what they were when the event mentioned used often to discount the St. Leger, but on the whole the interest in the meeting has been maintained, and the two year old stakes rank as high as ever they did, especially the Gimcrack Stakes, which gains an adventitious value from the dinner and speeches associated with it later on. The Ebor Handicap is always dear to the hearts of Yorkshiremen, who come in thousands year by year to see "t' Ebor" run for, whether by large fields or small, bad horses or good. This time there cannot be a large field, but the race will by no means be of insignificant character, for Osbeck, Jiffy II., Old Clo, Greenan, Zagiga, and Longy are among the acceptors, and all have some sort of pretensions to win. If it were wise to prophesy so long before the event—which it certainly is not—I should be inclined to select

Osbeck, who, now that Merman has retired, may be our best long-distance champion, but at the time of writing I do not know whether he is a certain starter. Old Clo will undoubtedly go to the post if she keeps well, but Mr. White has no faith in her, having backed her at Goodwood and Lewes and been disappointed on both occasions. She is a daughter of Lochiel, who is also responsible for those ghastly failures, Survivor and Oban, and yet they, as well as Old Clo, were very successful indeed in Australia, where Lochiel himself was at the head of the list of winning stallions for the past season. Longy, if fit and really himself, would make short work of the Ebor Handicap field at the weights, but it is doubtful whether he has ever recovered from his journey to Baden-Baden last year, when he was fairly poisoned by the water. So entirely did he seem to have gone to the bad, that Mr. Patton at one time this year seriously contemplated sending him to Ireland to be turred out to grass and "summered" like a hunter. Charles Peck, however, begged to be allowed to go on with him, as the colt was doing himself well and never leaving an oat. It may be that the natural vigour of his constitution has asserted itself. Anyhow, it is significant that the son of Trenton and Saintly has been heavily engaged in the autumn handicaps and has even been nominated for the Doncaster Cup. I do not gather, however, from the training reports that he will be fit to race over a mile and three-quarters on the Ebor Handicap day.

OUTPOST.

## AT THE THEATRE.

LONDON in September promises to provide an embarrassment of dramatic riches that ought to fully compensate for the poverty, in the matter of novelty, of recent months. With anticipation so temptingly excited by promise, it would be childish to allow one's mind to dwell too long upon the disappointments of the past, and thus grudgingly acknowledge the enterprise that at present appears to animate our authors, and the managers that are preparing to take the risks inseparable from the adequate putting on of plays, not all of which can well turn out to be financial successes. Clever plays are not always money makers—combinations of circumstances may militate against a good play, or win the favour of the public for a poor one—for chance enters largely into the life of theatrical enterprise, and merit is not always rewarded at the box-office. The dull days, or rather evenings—for the night is the player's day—have at last given way to hours of activity; studies and rehearsals are far advanced for many pieces; two theatres reopen this week—too late unfortunately to permit of criticisms appearing in this issue of COUNTRY LIFE—the period of anticipation has ended, and another season has begun.

UNLESS some unforeseen circumstance should arise to cause delay, Mr. George Alexander will reopen the St. James's Theatre on September 1st with a new play by Mr. Sydney Grundy, entitled "A Debt of Honour." This is a comedy in five short acts, and was suggested by a one-act play called "In Honour Bound," for which Mr. Grundy, who was the author, found inspiration in a French source. The action of "A Debt of Honour" takes place in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square, and the period is the present day. Mr. Alexander puts on his plays well, and is always supported by an admirable company; for these reasons his productions are looked forward to with pleasure by the general theatre-goer as well as by his thick and thin admirers. The following will be found in the cast of "A Debt of Honour": Miss Julie Opp, Miss Fay Davis, Mlle. M. Aubert, Mr. W. H. Vernon, Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. Marsh Allen, Mr. H. H. Vincent, Mr. J. H. Manners, Mr. R. E. Goddard, and Mr. George Alexander.

THE new drama at Drury Lane, due there next month, has been christened "The Price of Peace." All the difficulties of the last act have been surmounted, and nothing now stands in the way of its being quite ready by September 20th. This year's Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane is to contain something of two fairy stories, and will be called "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast."

At the Criterion Theatre, Mr. R. C. Carton's exceedingly amusing light comedy, "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," still continues, notwithstanding the holidays and the heat, to draw very good houses. During the month of August no performances are given on Saturdays, but the usual order of things will be returned to next month. At present there are no signs of any change in the programme being required at this theatre, but when the necessity shall arise, Mr. R. C. Carton will again provide the play.

MR. HENRY HAMILTON and Mr. Seymour Hicks are jointly engaged on the writing of a play to which they have given the title "Mistress Jean." It is a costume play of the time of Charles II., and has a very charming part written for Miss Ellaline Terriss, viz., that of a young girl fresh from a convent school suddenly finding herself amidst the licence and the luxury of the Court of Charles. There is every likelihood of this piece being seen at the Vaudeville during Mr. Charles Frohman's management.



Fellows Willson. MISS MARGARET FRASER.

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MISS MARGARET FRASER first came prominently before a London audience as Stella D'Aubigny in "A Runaway Girl," at the Gaiety, at which theatre she is now the handsome Lady Winifred of "The Messenger Boy." Miss Fraser has not yet played a leading part in musical comedy, but as she has a singularly prepossessing face, a superb figure, an excellent stage presence, and can dance charmingly, she gets a great deal of notice and a proportionate share of admiration.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM has temporarily abandoned costume plays in order to return once more to the frock-coat of modern comedy. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who fitted him so admirably with that peculiarly-named social satire "The Liars," has provided him with the piece with which he intends to open his theatre for the autumn season one evening next month. Mr. Alfred Bishop, and of course Miss Mary Moore, have parts in the new play, which will be the first original production seen at Wyndham's, revivals and the English version of "Cyrano de Bergerac" having hitherto monopolised the stage of that pretty theatre.

"THE SECRET OF THE QUESTION" is the title chosen for the dramatic version of Mr. Arthur Paterson's novel, "Cromwell's Own," to be produced at the Globe on September 10th. Mr. Charles Cartwright will be the Cromwell, and to Miss Edith Cartwright will fall the part of the Protector's daughter, the heroine of the story. Historical plays are risky ventures; the characters in them are seldom convincing, and the history is often fiction. There is no reason, however, why "The Secret of the Question" should not be an excellent play, and the pleasure of being able to chronicle its success will be all the greater because of the difficulties overcome.

SOMETIME about the middle of next month, Mr. Martin Harvey hopes to begin his season at the Lyceum Theatre with a revival of "Romeo and Juliet," and if it should happen that Mrs. Brown Potter will be the Juliet, a more than ordinary amount of interest will be awakened by the first appearance of that lady in Shakespeare's play.

AT Her Majesty's Theatre the rehearsals of "Julius Caesar" have been started. The cast will differ somewhat from that which was seen during the last revival, and in the stage management some changes will also be made; for instance, the fight in the last act, splendidly as it was carried out, will now be represented by a tableau.

TO the play by Mr. J. M. Barrie, with which Mr. Arthur Bourchier will reopen the Garrick, the name of "Two Kinds of



Women" has been given. The scene of the story is in Scotland, and the plot is founded upon the conflicting interests of a man and his wife and his mistress all living beneath the one roof. The elements of a strong story can no doubt be found in such material, but they are dangerous elements, and in the hands of a less able writer than Mr. Barrie might not be treated with due care, or produce the desired effect. PHÆBUS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### HARVEST THANKSGIVINGS AND THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Press of this country have so generously given publicity to my annual appeal for the funds of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution that I am emboldened, for the thirteenth year in succession, to bring to the notice of your readers the claims of this excellent charity upon the generosity of the public, when making their charitable gifts in grateful acknowledgment of the ingathering of another harvest. I am well aware that the pockets of the ever-ready British public have been heavily drained, for the support of the dependents of the large army of workers who have willingly gone to a foreign shore to defend the interests and honour of this vast Empire. I have also noticed the liberal response which has been made to the appeal on behalf of our starving fellow-subjects in India, who once again are suffering from the failure of their crops. Surely I am not wrong when I rely upon the charitable assistance of this same public for help to the only institution in England whose sole object is to come to the help of the British farmer and his dependents, who have had to knock under through no fault of their own. I may say that nearly all the applicants seeking pensions are those who have lost their all by the disastrous harvests commencing in the year 1879, and continuing during the cycle of wet years which followed. The list of candidates for the pensions of the institution increases each year; and notwithstanding the generous help of the public there remained, after the election in June, 1900, no less than 355 cases left out in the cold, which the council were unable to assist. All votes recorded for the unsuccessful applicants are carried forward to the next election, and it depends largely upon the response to this appeal how many of these disappointed candidates the council will be able to place on the list of pensioners, and so enable them to spend their few remaining years outside the workhouse. Each case is rigorously enquired into, and only those whose applications are brought about by causes beyond their control are accepted by the council. It should be remembered that all accepted applicants are *bona fide* farmers, who during twenty years or more have cultivated as an exclusive means of support holdings of at least 100 acres, or at rentals of £150 per annum; or their widows or orphan unmarried daughters, of the age of sixty-five years and upwards. After the election in June, 1900, there were 312 married (156 couples), 266 male and 665 female pensioners on the books of the society, involving an annual charge of £27,000 on the funds of the society. The prospects of the present harvest vary considerably in different parts of the Kingdom. The cold in the early part of the year, up to May or June, precluded any hope of a good hay crop generally; since then the long continued heat and drought, followed by the recent cold and wet days, has not conducted to the quantity and quality of the grain and root crops. Altogether the season is summarised by Professor Wright-on of the Downton Agricultural College as one that "must be added to a long list of bad years for farming." I will not trespass upon your kindness by occupying more space, but confidently leave the appeal in the hands of an ever-generous English public. To the very large number of clergy and ministers of all denominations, who year after year devote the whole or a part of their Harvest Thanksgiving offertories to this object, the council of the institution tender their grateful thanks; but I think the list might be largely increased if I could prevail upon our wealthy congregations in the metropolis and our large manufacturing towns to allow this institution to share in their Harvest Thanksgivings; for it must be universally admitted that to no more appropriate object could their offerings be devoted. Every half-guinea given to the institution ensures one vote at the election in June. All contributions (subscriptions as well as Harvest Thanksgiving offertories) may be sent to the Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, at 26, Charles Street, St. James's, London, S.W., who will gladly acknowledge receipt, and furnish any information desired by applicants as to the working of the charity.—WALTER GILBEY.

### FROM INDIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed is a photograph of an Indian or "sloth" bear, which I shot on these Nilgiri Hills the other day, which may be of interest to some of your readers. The man in the photograph is Sidhā, my "Badāgā" shikarri, whose powers of vision are almost telescopic, and enable him to spot game for me at great distances. The natives here will not eat bear's flesh themselves, but give it roasted to their children to suck, as they consider it a remedy and preventative of many childish complaints, whooping-cough, etc. Our old ayah was very anxious that we should give our fifteen-months' old baby a piece to suck, and was much disappointed when we objected. The bear is an average-sized full-grown male, 5 ft. in length.—ANGUS M. KINLOCH.

### SLATE ROOFS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I ask you to be so kind as to give me, through the medium of your interesting paper, your advice as to the following: I have a large house with two long slate roofs, pitches low and close to the ceiling. They are neither boarded nor felted, the consequence being that in

summer the bedrooms are terribly hot, and in winter equally cold. I am told that the only remedy is to take the slates off, and board and felt the rafters. But this is an expensive matter, and as mine is a rectory house in which I have only a temporary interest, I cannot afford to do this. Can you kindly suggest to me any other plan?—C. H. LACON.

[We do not see that you can do other than act on the suggestion already made, viz., cover the rafters with 1 in. rough boarding, and lay on some inodorous felt or Willesden paper, with 1 in. by 1 in. battens to gauge to take slates. Obviously, the other alternative of raising the pitch of the roof so as to get more space above the ceilings to act as a non-conductor is more expensive still.—ED.]

### NATURALISING BULBOUS FLOWERS IN GRASS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I find bulbs will not thrive with me in the ordinary border, and also that they gradually become extinct from being disturbed when planting other things, I have laid in my stock this year to plant in the lawn and grass around the house. The only ones I have are the common daffodils, Princess, and the Apennine anemone. I have also in the garden a perfect plague of common scarlet gladioli. Will you kindly aid me greatly by saying how the former bulbs are best planted? Will it do to make a slit in the turf and press in the bulb, or must I remove the piece of sod? Part of the grass is a meadow in summer, cut for hay; joining this and on each side is the mown turf. In the meadow the planting seems simple, but I want to plant clumps of daffodils near the base of some ornamental shrubs, etc., which grow in the turf slope in front of the house, and do not want to injure the turf or render it unsightly. By planting near the shrubs I do not think their leaves will be ugly or in the way. Also, will colchicums bloom well in the grass under some large evergreens, round the trunk? The branches do not come close to the ground, and there are air and light, but not much sun through the branches. Will the gladioli grow planted in grass among small shrubs, the shrubs being in the meadow? Please forgive so many queries.—A FLOWER-LOVER, County Wicklow, Ireland.

[Naturalising flowers in the grass is one of the most delightful phases of wild gardening, if one may so christen a way of growing many things that are never seen in their beauty away from their natural setting. Many beautiful bulbous flowers are never happy in the border or flower bed; the soil is too rich, and their growth is not set in its appropriate framework. All you need worry about is to lift a few sods here and there, break up a forkful of the soil underneath, and drop in the bulbs very thinly. Then replace the sods. In a meadow where un-ightly patches for a time are of little consequence, do not replace the turf intact, but break it into several pieces, and in this way assist the growth to pierce through the soil. Remember two things, viz., to plant thinly and not deep, not more than 3 in. for quite a numerous group of bulbs, including daffodils, the Apennine anemone, fritillaries, scillas, and winter aconite, whilst the wood anemone, crocus, and snowdrops should not be inserted more than 3 in. deep. Bulbs may be grown quite near to shrubs, but in these positions, as the soil is usually very solid, prepare the under soil first by digging, then by replacing the soil lightly, and breaking the turf into small pieces. Plant the bulbs in a broadcast kind of way, not in clumps, which are usually not artistic. Colchicums will succeed well in grass thus treated, but the shrubs should not be so near as to shade them seriously.—ED.]

### DE OMNIBUS REBUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very grateful if you could advise me on the following: 1. *Ferrets*.—I have a few which I keep in separate boxes 4 ft. by 2 ft. The ferrets about once or twice a year lose most of the hair on the front part of the body, head, and paws. The skin does not look dry or scaly, but quite pink. The hair generally comes again all right, and the ferrets seem to go through it as if it was nothing; but I don't think this ought to take place, and I rather fancy it must be due to the feeding. They have bread and new milk every day, and fresh meat occasionally. I keep them very clean indeed; each hut is divided into two compartments, one sleeping and the other for eating and dirty work. The straw in the first is renewed every week, or when necessary. The feeding compartment has a deep water-tight tray; this is taken out every day and washed, and then sprinkled with fresh sawdust. So I think the boxes are always kept clean, and I fancy the baldness must be due to want of change of food. I should be very glad of your advice on this. 2. *Slugs*.—Have you any recipe for drawing slugs and killing them, I mean by food poisonous to them, or which will collect them out from the laurels with which all my beds are surrounded? 3. *Sea Gull*.—A very tame herring-gull has suddenly appeared.



I have placed him in the kitchen garden, but he eats nothing but meat and worms. Can you give me any advice as to keeping him?—SPORTING PARSON.

[1. It is difficult to understand what can be the matter with your ferrets. It is evident, from what you say, that you give the greatest possible care to their health and cleanliness, and we do not believe that they require any change of diet or treatment other than you give them. Besides the dry scaly skin diseases, which you say your ferrets do not suffer from, there is a humorous affection of the skin, called by the keepers "the sweat," to which they are liable. It shows itself not only by a humorous condition of the skin, but by coats becoming patchy and clogged together, as if by moisture, and coming away in patches. The best cure for this is anointing with paraffin, three or four times, at intervals of a day or two. But with regard to your ferrets, we are inclined to think that the baldness in places is due to abrasion rather than any morbid condition of the skin. If the loss of fur occurs at the time when the ferrets are most in use, you may almost assume that this is the case. Ferrets will rub the tops of their heads and other salient parts quite bald in getting over the backs of rabbits in their holes. It is possible that they may be rubbed in getting in and out of the door of their sleeping-place. At all events we think that it may probably be ascribed to this mechanical cause, so to say, rather than to any disease of the skin. If it is down the rabbit holes that they lose their hair, the remedy would be not to use them so much; but, better still, to realise that they are suffering under no morbid condition, and to bear with their bald appearance for the time being. 2. We do not think there is any poisoned food by means of which slugs can be enticed from their native homes and done to death, but there is the well-known plan of putting out potatoes cut in half, a food of which they are fond, and thus collecting them so that they can be killed *en masse*. If they are put into a strong infusion of salt and water they die quickly. Perhaps a better plan still is to employ a small boy, at a penny a score, to pick the slugs in the twilight, or after dark by a lantern's light. A few shillings so spent means a big reduction of the numbers of the slugs. 3. Your gull will never have its health unless you give it fresh fish from time to time. Ichthyophagists by nature, they never seem able to learn to do without their occasional fish dinners—say twice a week—though the rest of their diet may be made out with meat, insects, and scraps. They are useful eaters of snails, slugs, and insects in a garden, and make tame and amusing pets. An occasional mouse does not come amiss to them.—ED.]



#### SI FRACTUS ILLABATUR ORBIS IMPAVIDAM FERIENT RUINÆ.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

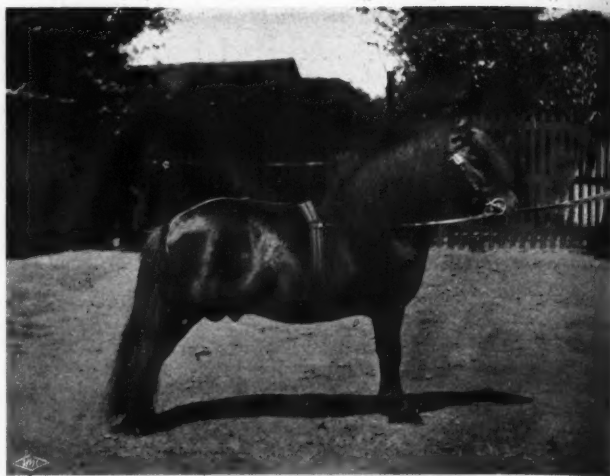
SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a complete flash of lightning, taken during the storm of July 27th last, you may deem worth reproducing. The flash went across the sky as shown, above the young lady on the rocks, who seems to be lost in meditation and oblivious of the coming storm.—A. M. HILTON.

#### DESTROYING THISTLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly tell me how I can best get rid of thistles in pasture land. I believe there are different kinds of thistles, and therefore enclose you two specimens of those with which I am troubled (Nos. 1 and 2). Though they are much alike, I am not sure if they be the same kind, and they are taken from different fields some distance apart. No. 1 grows all over the field, but does not grow nearly so large as No. 2, the plants of the latter being scattered many yards apart. If you would kindly tell me how and when these thistles can best be extirpated I shall be much obliged.—ARTHUR L. LOWE.

[When thistles prevail to any great extent in a park or pasture, it is always a sign of neglect. One thistle allowed to seed will breed a colony, and then the seeds are wafted far and wide, causing trouble to all who have land in the vicinity. There are several varieties of the common thistle. Some are annuals, and may be destroyed by cutting them down before they come into flower; but the perennial kinds must be cut over before flowering, and be stubbed up by the root as well, and the work must be followed up persistently. The examples you send appear to belong to this latter class. Every bit of root left in the ground will grow, hence the uprooting must be done thoroughly. We have seen the perennial species destroyed most effectively by cutting over when green and succulent, and a handful of common agricultural salt put on each crown. The salt must be strong enough, as thistles will endure more of it than most plants. Preventing the thistles seeding will arrest their spreading.—ED.]



#### LORD LAUGHTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We enclose a photograph of our Shetland pony, Lord Laughton, which may be of sufficient interest to insert in COUNTRY LIFE. Lord Laughton is 36in. in height. He took first prize in the Shetland class at the International Pony Show at the Crystal Palace this year; also first at Tunbridge Wells and South-Eastern Counties Show recently (he took first prize and silver medal at Tunbridge Wells last year).—MISSES VESRY.

#### FINE WEATHER PRAYERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When reading your remarks anent prayers for fine weather, I recollected a story I heard some years ago, but which is perhaps new to some of your readers. A young "meenister" had just been appointed to a small parish in the West of Scotland, and attached to the Manse, as is sometimes the case, was a piece of land or "glebe." On his arrival he was immediately waited on by a deputation from the "kirk," when the following conversation took place between Mr. McPherson, the spokesman, and the minister. "And, Mr. X., we wad jist like tae ken if ye're gaun to fairm (farm) yer ain glebe?" "Oh, yes! Mr. McPherson, I'm going to do that." "Ah!" (a pause). "Ye see, sir, the last meenister that wish here fairmed the glebe, and, ye ken, it's that weel situated it's aye faure forrit than oor land, sae when he had gotten a' his hay in he clappit on a prayer for rain, and whaur were we?"—G. M. M. R.

#### A JEST AND A FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On a higher reach of the Tweed, at Tweedsmuir, a friend of mine, an old schoolmaster, had an old favourite trout in the river. He knew its habits, and I believe could tell where it was to be found at certain times of the day, when it fed, and when and where it rested. This it did at times about some rock or bank. My friend's interest in the trout was so keen, and so well known in time, that people made-believe that they were taking his fish, or perhaps did their best to catch it, with at least one result—that of agitating the old man.—C. R.

#### AN UNFLEDGED CUCKOO IN AUGUST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—“In July away he fly” is a well-known saying about the cuckoo, and it is generally accepted as correct, but evidently there are exceptions, as you will see from the enclosed photograph of an unfledged bird, which was taken in August, and as I write he is still swaying to and fro in the reeds, supported by the slight nest of his foster-parents, the sedge-warblers, which structure is just large enough to accommodate his legs, his body overhanging on every side, and when he rises and snaps showing his brilliant orange maw (in true cuckoo fashion). As I put aside the surrounding reeds to obtain a better view, I very much fear he will topple over into the water below, but, fortunately, he settles down again, and before we leave we have the satisfaction of seeing the foster-parents busy feeding him.—J. T. NEWMAN.

